THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 115 & 117 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. I.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "SABLE PRINCESS;" OR, THE HEIRS OF THE HOUSE OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATAL LETTER.

Rose Bringhurst! Let us in the little parlor of a New England inn, leaning her head upon her hand, and absorbed in the deepest and most painful thought. Though she was but, in reality, only twenty-five years of age, she looked almost thirty. Tall, slender, and agile as a panther, her figure possessed that willowy grace which fascinates the beholder like a wreath of "perfect music;" while her face, with its proud, statue-like beauty of feature, its nameless, melancholy charm, and its large, passionate black eyes, once seen, could never be forgotten.

Let us take the reader back a few years. Rose had been thrown upon the world at an early age, by the death of her parents. She had not entirely alone, nor destitute of resources. A small pittance remained to her, granted by the generosity of her father's creditors, for her mother's maiden name, Edith Halsey, who resided in a humble way in the great city of London, opened her door to her with a welcome whose sincerity almost made amends for the great love she had sundered. For Rose had been born in England. She was the child of fairer skies than ours, the daughter of a land where the hedges are white with the fragrance of the first spring—and where the dark gorse heavy-weed at noon, and the nightingale sings the long night through. Dearly had she loved the quiet cottage in Devonshire, where her earliest days had been spent—but while those pleasant scenes had stamped themselves forever upon her heart, the rush and roar of the great city took her fancy, and kept her vivid imagination, and held her captive as with a mighty spell.

True, the lodgings which Miss Edith Halsey occupied with Rose, were worse than the humblest kind, and in a retired neighborhood, but the young girl was satisfied to stand for hours at her little window, and dream and wonder of those who passed beneath her—satisfied to sit in the gathering twilight, beside the parlor fire, and paint pictures in the glowing coals—satisfied, in short, with all and everything around her, till at last she fell hour the very spirit of unrest came boldly before her, and happiness and contentment left her side for ever.

I cannot tell what perverse chance brought Justus Bringhurst, the future husband of Rose, to that quiet home. But he came to visit Miss Halsey, who had been a countryman and friend of his father. To her he was very dear. The fox-hunting squire, his father, who broke himself in riding a mad steeple chase, for a wager, was not half so well remembered as this graceful youth, who united the beauty of an Apollo, with the strength of a Hercules. In the slender, yet muscular form, the smiling ambidextrous face, the bright curls of chestnut hair, and the large eyes of a clear dark gray, that darkened and flashed alternately with every passing emotion of the mind, she saw the lover of her youth once more, and the light and warmth of those boyish days returned, as though a new and fairer maid, it is true, like the shadow of the moon-beam upon the water, but still bright and clear. So she took him to her heart, little thinking she was nursing a serpent there, who should one day sting her through that very kindness she had displayed.

Rose Carroll was young and romantic. The coming of Justus Bringhurst seemed to her the dawn of a lighted torch to a magazine of powder. Thoughts and feelings of which she had never dreamed before, started into life and light when his eye met hers—for his hand clasped her own—for she was thoroughly and earnestly in love, and for the first time.

There was little romance in the courtship and marriage of Rose Carroll and Justus Bringhurst. No one to watch over—very few to encourage and aid the young pair with counsel and assistance. The ceremony of a private one witnessed only being present, except the good aunt, Edith, and the wife of the officiating clergyman. The tennis of the young squire were ignorant of the hour of the last step he had taken. There were reasons for this delay—the assumed Miss Halsey, in private—and she was satisfied when he spoke of the great rejoicings that would follow their return from the continent, and the proud and loving welcome, those true-hearted Englishmen would give his lovely bride, when she took her rightful place as lady of the house.

So at Newbath, the home of Bringhurst, no bells were rung, and no public rejoicings made, on the day that gave a mistress to the Hall. But the happy pair stopped quietly into a post-chaise, and were whirled away, to spend their honeymoon in France, as the bride had cracked no hyperbole the social scale than the shop keepers who had supplied the wedding outfit. But Rose was entirely unaware of the woe beside her. She asked nothing more.

"The wife of an English gentleman, and the mistress of a fine property!" exclaimed Justus over my reader exclaim. "Then why is she not in the old ancestral home? What should she be doing in an out of the way New England inn? And alone, moreover?"

Dear reader, there are many things that puzzle us in this strange little world of ours, and this was one. Rose, beautiful and brilliant as she was, did not possess the secret of keeping the love she had won. Perhaps her mistake lay in showing her own profound love too plainly—at all events, the gay young Squire soon wearied of his bride, and was not careful to conceal his weariness. Reproaches, tears, and quarrels soon followed—and after some six months of misery, the once newly wedded pair separated, and Rose returned to her home in London. Discouraged and heartsick, she gladly left the scene which recalled her husband so vividly, and sailed to America with Mrs Effingham, a widow and a friend of her aunt's, in the capacity of governess. Ill luck seemed to attend her here also; her charge sickened, and died soon after her arrival, and she was homeless and almost friendless in a land of strangers. But "God helps those who help themselves." Rose wearied of the city and longed for a quiet and pleasant home in the country. Her long, through the kind efforts of Mrs. Effingham, a situation was offered her in a distant country village, which she thankfully accepted. She, who had cherished so many glowing dreams of the future, undertook to guide a quiet country school mistress and bent her energies and talents to the task of teaching "the young idea how to shoot." But it was an irksome task, and her proud English blood revolted, even while her poverty forced her to submit.

And this was the reason why she sat alone in the little parlor of the country inn. It was a dreary, dismal day. The snow had been falling at short intervals, during the whole week; and on this Saturday afternoon, the heavy leaden sky, and a kind of gray mist-a brooding over everything around, betokened another storm.

Rose got up, and pressing her burning forehead against the window pane, looked out. All was cheerless and comfortless without—the far-off hills looked bleak and cold, and the road that wound winding through them was almost hidden by the heavy drifts.

"Oh, England! England!" she sighed, as she looked. "I would I were back again. These hills make me sick—I cannot stand it!"

A knock at the door startled her, and her lost sentence died away in a murmur.

"Beg pardon for disturbing you, ma'am, but I've just been down to the post-office, and I thought I'd bring this up for you. You look a little lone-some, Mrs. Ervingcourt; perhaps this will cheer you up a bit."

"Thank you—I dare say it will," replied Rose, with a scarcely smile. She had at first no care for her, that the arrival of this letter was quite as event in her life.

She broke the seal as the landlord closed the door behind him. An enclosure fell to the ground. It was a letter to her husband, from his father. She picked them both up, and read upon the latter these words:

"The later seems important, my dear young friend, so I forward it without delay. I hope it will give you good news from all your friends—as I see it is from England. Write to me, and let me know how you succeed in your new profession, and if you are pleased with your wife Rose England Your affectionate friend,

"CORNELIUS BRINGHURST."

From England! She held the letter to her heart with a trembling hand. It was the answer to one she had written to her friend, many weeks before. She had laid aside her woman's pride, and prayed, meekly and humbly, to be forgiven, and to be taken back once more to her husband's heart. What could his answer be? Would the remembrance of those earliest days of love, which had come up before him to plead for her? Had he, in the sweetness of the past, felt a kind longing for her presence as she for his? Had he started suddenly from his sleep at night, thinking a fairer face than hers was before him, and a familiar voice calling his name? and, finding himself still alone, had he wept and prayed in very anguish of spirit, till his pillow was wet with tears? All this she had done, and much more. Surely, he could not have forgotten her as yet—he would not rudely her appeal—the more that, upon the senseless paper, she had poured forth the secret she should have whispered with her head lying upon his breast, and held him that he was soon to be a father. The voice of nature would plead for her and for his unborn child! The thought made her cheek glow, and her heart beat; and she broke the seal of his letter, and read:

"Rose—did I know you less intimately, I might have been surprised at the tone of your letter—as it is, nothing that you may or can ever demand me, I am ready to grant; however, that you think me so credulous. You left me of your own free will. You told me more than you could never be happy together, and that it was your most earnest prayer that we might live apart for the rest of our lives. Your prayer will be granted now, Rose. As soon as the necessary legal forms are complied with, a divorce will be granted me, and another will take place. In the eyes of the law, you are not my wife. As for the child—my child, as you are pleased to call it—I am willing to assert you. Could I indeed believe myself its happy father, I would relieve you of all trouble on that account. But this is a mere world, and you are a strange woman, Rose. However, you will find enclosed a draft upon an American banker, which you can use as you see fit. I will also add you in future to this way, for the child. Let me hear from you often, and let me know where to write to you when you leave Paris.—Yours, happy and prosperous journey through life to you.

"Your true friend, J. B."

The paper fell upon the floor, and her head bowed upon her hands. The blackness of desolation was around her, and in the depth of her despair, she could not even remit the deep and deadly hatred that filled her heart—a hatred which only death could ever teach her to forgive. She an alone held the ruins of her happiness—alone, without an earthly friend upon whose bosom she could rest her weary head—and—even than all—with no knowledge of Him who has said "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." God, who is the lost, the mighty and awful Judge, and not the kind and pitying Father, whose hand is always ready to wipe away the trembling drops of his overtasked children. Alas for Rose! No hour in her life was so bitter as that.

At last, strength and spirit returned, and she took a little more calm and self.

"And I have loved that man!" she exclaimed aloud, starting to her feet, and pacing the floor. "I have been his slave—and this is my reward. Thank God—it is all over now!"

She ran to change to stone and drove it in the fire. But the letter she preserved, locking it up carefully in her private writing desk.

Then came the miserable scene of utter loneliness and utter despair that overpowered her at last and sudden a grief. She walked the floor impatiently and sat down before a small cabinet piano that had been the companion of her leisure hours. But the recent chords seemed jangled out of tune; and she could only sing the songs she had loved best. Every thee of her frame, every feeling of her soul, called for immediate and permanent action, as a safeguard against sadness and misery. She wrapped herself warmly in a thick gray cloak, and drawing her hood over her head for bonnet, descended the stairs and went out at the front door.

"A cold day for you, Mrs. Ervingcourt," said the landlord, who was hurrying up from the barn. "I am afraid if you go far you will never see you here again."

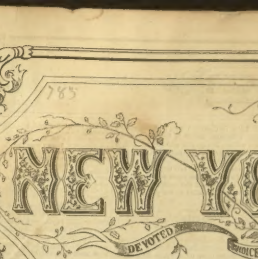
"Good-by, then," she said, forcing a smile, and holding out her hand.

He took it with a merry laugh. How little they thought as he shook it, that it was for the last time—how little Rose imagined as she hurried down the narrow street, that every step of her life was prophecy uttered in jest, was a true one, and that never, in life, should he look upon her face again.

CHAPTER II.

THE SNOW STORM.

Perhaps it is better to lay those we love within the grave, than to see them stand suddenly revealed before us in a deformity which shocks our very souls. There are memories of the living far more bitter than of the dead. And Rose, hurrying blindly along in her sorrow, choked down the hottest and most passionate tears that ever fell from human eyes.



THE DESCENT OF THE BOOT IN THE SNOW.

To herself she seemed an outcast and an alien from her kind. No home opened its doors to welcome her—no kind hand was extended to lead her in to light and warmth and happiness. The gray sky loomed above her head—a keen wind blew around her path and the first heavy flakes of the approaching storm came drifting in her face. The storm which her soul was a greater one, and to escape herself, she fled, as if an avenging fury had been close upon her steps.

At last she halted, worn out by the wild speed at which she had come. The lights of the village twinkled faintly far behind her, and around her, on every side, were the snowy hills she had been looking from her window an hour before. Half-way up the side of one, grew a fine tree, blasted by some lightning stroke. She looked at it long and earnestly. A strange impulse seemed to draw her to the spot, and although she was in a wild and lonely place, and the night was fast drawing on, she walked on firmly and hurried up the steep ascent, to expose herself a moment beneath its shelter. The thick flakes of falling snow almost blinded her, but tenacious and giddy as thought her was she clung, and sank down, exhausted, upon a small open platform at the foot of the tree.

The village was still visible beneath her. She gazed for a long time in silence, at the lighted windows, each speaking of merry gatherings around a social hearth, and then lifted her eyes to the cold, dark sky above her.

"This is the only fitting place for me," she murmured, bowing her face in her cold hands. "What have I to do with happy homes! I am a wanderer and an outcast—I am like the wild bird which builds in the only place that shelters me longest."

A sudden thought came up before her, that never had her head been so weary. She was tired of her husband. And fancy pictured him seated in his father's chair before a glowing fire, with that same fair head which she had so often pillowed upon her knee, bowed upon his wintry hair. And after all, was love cruel than he had been. She looked upon her knees and lifted her hands to Heaven.

"Oh, God, who art just and righteous!" she prayed aloud, "be thou the judge between him and me. Thou knowest our hearts. Thou alone hast done unto me, and his unborn child, as may be done unto him. Send Thou with the wind of the fall measure he has meted out, be returned unto him. Thou who art the God of the widow and the fatherless, remember me, that he may know that whom trouble and death are close upon him."

A sharp, quick pang of cold pervaded her whole frame, and warned her to seek a place of shelter. She rose, and wrapping her cloak more closely around her, took her way down the hill, but slowly and feebly, for her limbs were chilled and stiff, and the darkness of the night, and the storm made her path very difficult.

Suddenly, she heard a sound behind her, and then she was hurried along, and rose with bruised limbs and aching head, upon the floor of the village fire her only guide. And even they seemed farther off than before. In her bewilderment she fancied then the twinkling of false lights in some far off country.

"No, I shall never reach home any more," she murmured as she felt a deep drowsiness stealing over her. "They will come out to look for me in the morning, and find me dead. I can walk no longer—and after all, what is life to me, that I should desire it?"

She threw herself down upon the cold ground, and pillowed her head upon her arm. A delicious sense of languor and security pervaded every limb—the dead eyes closed, and a smile played around the half-parted lips as sweet as that upon an infant's face.

A moment and all would have been lost! But, as if touched by the hand of her guardian angel, the bell of the village church rang the hour of eight. The deep, though distant sounds, penetrated through the half-drawn veil of slumber before her and roused her to a sense of her situation. To sleep, was certain death. She rose to her feet, steadying herself by the bare tree whose fate she had been lying and pressed her hand across her brow, with a low debate with. Then turning her face towards home, she went staggering towards the lights and slowly descending the hill.

This time her good angel watched her, and after a few efforts, she sealed the fence, and found herself once more upon the wide descent that led down to the highway. She looked eagerly and through the darkness for help, and heard the sound of bells, and saw the gleam of approaching lights. Was it the landlord who had called her, and was now coming in search of her? No—it could not be—for even as she listened the hated gilded daughter rolled past the mouth of the hills. Then came a song in which a chorus of voices joined, and just below her, a great sleigh drawn by six horses, and filled with merry couples, nearly wrapped in furs, went sweeping by. She could see them by the light of the two lamps that twinkled on the driver's box, but they were too happy and too thoughtless to strain their eyes upward into the gloom, to see that slender figure, mainly imploring assistance of their hands, and trembling for answer the loud chorus of a merry melody. Why should they have done so? They were young and gay and thoughtless, and had no conception of the grief which had drawn her there. Yet it was with a heart nearly breaking, that Rose heard and observed the name of her child, that the two there glide on and into her there alone.

Close upon the larger sleigh-dashed several lighter ones, filled with happy faces, and drawn by gay and prancing horses. All—all went on, without a thought of her. The bitterness of death was in her heart, and the cold, dark night, and whose fear she had never seen, urged her to one more effort. And now to die or rouse them—to die where friends and neighbors might unconsciously pass by as she was lying a stiffened mass—or to live in their midst.

Half crawling, half sliding, she came down the steep descent, and reached the side of the road. Once her feeble voice tried to suggest her, and she sank down, watching and listening eagerly for the sound of high bells. The heard them soon—a long way off—but coming nearer—nearer—nearer every moment. The horse seemed gifted with the speed of the wind, and hurrying towards her, as if he knew her distress—when, just as her strength, eye could almost discern the sleigh through the gloom, the sleigh halted, turned, and was in again towards the village. A wild and piercing cry escaped from her stiffening lips, but the coursers had dashed on the height of their speed were young ones, and too much absorbed in testing the speed of a favorite steed, to listen for sounds of distress.

Hope fled with them, and reason trembled upon her throne. She tried to rise and follow, but towards the sky, and tried to pray, but the words died upon her tongue. Terrible fancies sometimes came back with redoubled force, and nature, worn out with struggling, refused to combat it. Her head sank down upon her arm, her eyes closed, her large sight, and all was still.

The wild storm swept down upon her, drifting her in a pure white garment, and her sleep was changed into the sleep of death. It was a kindly cause slowly up the road, driven by a worthy farmer, whose home was on the hillside, and who was just returning from a long visit to the village. One of his friends over the snug fire in the best room of his house, and as he drove his horse jogged along, of the new driven lying on the road beside him, and the way in which the white figure of his good old wife would sparkle when he presented her. Suddenly the strange behavior of a large black Newfoundland dog, the constant companion, attracted his attention, and stopping his horse, he leaped hastily from the cutter to see what the animal had discovered.

"A dead body! Find him, my boy!"

But the dog only whined and barked, and came back to the sleigh, tried to pull his master by the coat.

"Why, Curly, you old fool, what ails you?" said the farmer, and he turned his head and followed him. "I don't see why the thing I took you from the pond, isn't actually worth more to get into your head, and—bless my soul! what's this?" he added, as he stooped over the prostrate form of Rose. The dog licked her cold face and shared philosophy.

"Ah, you—you—Curly, my brave fellow," said Mr. Moore, with a sudden sympathy in his tone. "You found her, and you knew I'd be glad to help her, and take her home with us. Poorer—ah! a woman! Dead—no—God grant we may not be too late to save her, Curly."

He lifted her in his arms as if she had been an infant, and bore her to the sleigh. Then he followed, and cutting down by her side, tried, with the assistance of his dog, to restore her. But she remained life, by licking her frozen hands with his warm tongue, and his master, snatching up the reins, put his horse to a gentle trot.

It was not long before they dashed up to the door of a comfortable-looking house, very near whose kitchen window the lighted fire-place without the farm-house, and the cheerful glow. The farmer lifted Rose in his arms, and bursting the door from its fastenings with one blow of his tool, bore her through the hall and into the warm room.

A gentle blue-eyed woman, hurrying towards the door, to see what to boisterous an entrance could mean, stopped short in astonishment when she saw the burden her husband carried. He laid the unconscious Rose upon a low settee that stood at some distance from the fire, and turned with a face full of honest distress, to his wife.

"Don't ask any questions now, Ellen, but call

all the women about the house, and see what you can do with this poor creature. I found her by the side of the road. I only hope she may not be frozen to death."

Mrs. Moore beat down with tearful eyes to three socks the fire-tormented cloak that had the head of Rose. But when she saw the pale face, she started back in surprise, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, John, it is Mrs. Errington—she has been teaching the village school—don't you remember? How could she come here, and—like this?"

"I am ill," replied Mr. Moore, apologetically. "But Rose, every moment is precious if we would save her life. Throw open the door of the parlor and I will lay her on the bed. Then do you and the girls do all you can to restore her, while I go for the doctor."

In a few moments all was accomplished. The good old farmer was the on his way to the village, with Carly lying among the buffaloes at his feet, and Rose wound closely to his side under the united efforts of Mrs. Moore and her two stout serving girls. The house was thoroughly warmed into her shock, and her eyes had opened once, when a shiver shook up to the door, and the doctor and Mr. Moore sprang out.

"Is she alive?" asked Mr. Moore, eagerly, of his wife, who met the doctor.

"Yes—thank God!"

"Amen. God be praised," was the reverent reply. Oh, wonderful power of sympathy! Could Rose but herself alone, when from those two honest hearts, so strangers to her, sprang forth her chief safety?

The doctor passed quickly into the room where his patient was lying. Rose, conscious only of hope and almost insupportable pain, as the blood rushed back into her benumbed veins, looked up in his face, and groaned. He took her hand in his, and looked steadily at her for a moment, then, as she lay with closed eyes, scarcely breathing, shook his head with a torture.

The grave face grew still graver, and turning away he whispered something to Mrs. Moore, that made the good lady sit down by the door and nearly overcome with surprise. But she soon rallied, and bustling about with a professional air, observed, as sent every one from the chamber, and gave directions to the servant girls, stationed outside, in a whisper, as the night were away.

Anxious and uneasy, and little understanding the hostile that pervaded the house, Mr. Moore walked the floor of the kitchen till the clock struck twelve, as he had heard Carly exclaim, another and a different one in the room his eat. It was the cry of an infant. He started, and, pausing, looked in the face of his hostess. Only once before had that sound been heard within his house—and his only child was dreaming near the cradle of the village churchyard.

She long door of the parlor opened, and his wife looked out, weeping too.

"John—will you come in here?—she faltered. He went. Rose, pale as death, was lying on the couch, propped up with pillows; and on her arm reposed a little wailing infant, the child of sorrow and misery. Her eyes turned anxiously—first upon her father, then upon him. He understood the mute appeal and answered it nobly.

"Do not fear for your child, dear lady. While I live, it shall be as my own."

A man smile thanked him.

"Mrs. Errington," she faltered. And then raising the babe with endless energy, she kissed it with all the agony of her grief.

"Oh God—forgive——"

A sudden, awful change passed swiftly over the beautiful face. Mrs. Moore gazed with the child and the heavy arms dropped. There was a solemn silence in the room as the wave and agony of the dead passed, broken only by the low wail of the infant who seemed even then to feel the bitter loss she had sustained.

CHAPTER III.

AN ARRIVAL.

How shall I describe Justina's magnificent, the early child of Mrs. Hazard's marriage? She was not a lovely infant, and as she grew older, her complexion was too sallow, and her features too irregular, to give her any claim to beauty. But her eyes were wells of light and splendor. Large, finely shaped, shaded with long lashes, deep and black, and of that dark gray—that wondrous color, only seen in such eyes, or sometimes in the night, before a storm. Her mouth was small, full, and beautifully shaped; and around the rosy lips a half smile was perpetually playing, neither gay nor positive, but bending an indescribable air of melancholy to her countenance, that was the heart of the beholder.

It was impossible to gaze upon this child in her sixth year, without the feeling that something more than met the careless eye, was hidden up within her. She seemed among the children around her like the air of a young princess—perhaps the strange story of her birth, which they had all learned by heart, had something to do with her manner—the air of command, and their meek acceptance of it. So like as they, the proud blood of the Hazards courts spoke out in her every look and motion, even as the rosy grace of her dark cheek was displayed itself in her light step and proud carriage of the head, while the soul of her father looked out from her liquid eyes.

The house where she had been greatly and tenderly reared was only a plain but handsome country house, but the child loved it well. She loved to stand in the door at sunset, and see the red moon rising slowly over the gray hills. She loved the lowing of the cows as they came home to be milked, and the distant bleating of the sheep in the pine woods, that lulled her to sleep each night—but one event was to occur, to make her love it more, of the fancy that all these things were but for a little while—that other scenes, and another home awaited her in the coming years.

"I shall grow up here in the village," she would say, with a thoughtful look in her eyes; "when I get to be a woman, my father will come for me, and take me home to England. There I shall have a beautiful home, and elegant dresses and jewels, and a great many servants; but I never will forget this little place, or the one that has been kind to me, and when I come back to see you I shall bring you beautiful presents, and Carly shall have the handsomest collar in England because he saved me."

"But if your father should forget you and not come?" Mrs. Hazard said one day, as Justina was lying at her feet with her head pillowed upon Carly's shoulder.

The child rose to her feet and looked at her steadily, while a sudden gloom and darkness filled her eyes.

"My father never can forget me!" she said sternly, and springing out of the house she went and threw herself down by her mother's grave, and wept bitterly. From that time, no one was allowed to direct her in her ambitious flights. She had been taken from the first, into the hearts of the good people who had adopted her, and her word was law throughout the house. But we are providentially ungrateful, as children, and while her foster parents were straining every nerve to please her, every task that she caused, and every grace or accomplishment she learned, was solely with reference to the coming time, when she should be far away. To the instructions of the village dancing-master, she added some natural graces of her own, and danced like a fairy, but it was only that her father might see her at some future time. She had a passion for music which was fostered and encouraged by the village organist, till at seven years of age she was almost a prodigy; but when strangers stood around her, and wished the tiny fingers flying over the keys, or applauded the childish, but powerful voice that executed the most difficult music with ease, only one thought was uppermost in her mind, and that was—

"My father will be pleased with me, for so I grow older, I shall, of course, improve. And if he is proud of me for my own gifts, in time I believe he will learn to love me for the sake of my dead mother."

At last, when Justina was entering upon her eighth year, chance seemed to throw a long-sought opportunity in her way, and open an avenue to that for the goal she sought in the world. An English lady, travelling for pleasure among the Catskill Hills, was taken ill upon the road, and obliged to stop at the little village inn to recruit her strength. In so small a place, good and bad news spread with the same degree of speed, and the stranger lady was hardly comfortably installed in her room at the inn, before every one knew of her and at the door of Mr. Moore, and began to unfold the wonderous tale.

She travels with a man servant, and a lady's maid," said the narrator with uplifted hands, "and such dresses—such a diamond ring and pin—such a heavy chain, and such a dear little gold watch, and so many things that she has with her, and such a cost, Mrs. Moore."

"And has she her name?" asked the farmer's wife, who was also keenly alive to the interest of the occasion.

"Mrs. Dr Courcy—and the landlord says he is sure he learnt her maid call her 'my lady;' so pride that the noble creature," added Mrs. Moore, if my person of rank has really dropped here, what will they say of it?"

"It will, indeed, Miss Smith," sighed the farmer's wife, as a thousand visions of rank and splendor opened to her before her bewildered mind. "I do wish I could see her. I always had an idea there must be a great difference between a lady and a different one in her manner."

"So did I," replied her guest, with an air of solemnity. "But I got a fair glimpse of her—and I don't know—after all——"

"Oh, do tell us all about her!" cried the eager Mrs Moore, bustling about with her supper-table; "or wait till I get my supper over, and I will go and has gone to the village, and want be home till nine o'clock, and we will have a nice, cosy little chat together. Will you stay?"

Justina, sitting upon her footstool by the fire, and mechanically knitting under the relief of sorrowful, secretly hoped Miss Nancy Smith would accept the invitation. She did so; for the child with the human nature to resist the tempting hot biscuit and tea of Mrs. Moore's making, or the clear honey, and delicious cheese, she placed on the table by side upon the board. Miss Nancy was accommodated with the best chair, and the little girl, pleased with a profusion of good things; yet still she was silent.

"Is this English lady handsome?" asked Justina, at last, growing tired of seeing her take large mouthfuls of biscuit and honey, and then talk with alternate doses of honey and quince preserves.

Miss Nancy paused in the act of raising her head mysteriously.

"There are different opinions about that, as a matter of course," she said, sagely. "I, for my part, don't think her so, but my sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Wrangum, who professes to be a judge, calls her very beautiful."

But how does she look, Miss Nancy?" persisted Justina.

"She is tall, somewhat fully formed—like Mrs. Lespree, the schoolmaster, who, we all know is a splendid woman. Then, her hair is of a light brown, and wavy and glossy as satin; her complexion is very dark, and her eyes large and blue. I think her mouth pretty, but Mrs. Wrangum says it is too full white teeth; and then, her hands—oh! you should see her hands—why, it is no larger than Justina's, and it has the most beautiful fingers and nails, my dear. I never knew you had such a pretty hand before, Justina, except your English birch."

Justina looked at her hand in silence, severely mortified by the slur given in future, and thinking the aristocratic shape of that useful member; and then she inquired,—

"But her head is as white as snow, and the most beautiful thing I ever saw, Miss Nancy, except though I think I spoke of that before— Justina, my love, what can you be thinking of, to make your eyes sparkle in that way?"

The child looked up with a quick, eager glance, and then bent down again with a heavy sigh.

At once that the restless spirit longed to be away, and that, in the coming of this stranger, only a means to her end.

"I was thinking," said Justina, the glow fading out of her eyes, as she looked down, "I was only how much I should like to see this lady you are talking about, if my mother does not like it too, I will not go near her."

"Justina, please yourself," said Mrs. Moore, bowing as she took over her sad thoughts; "only—Neither your father nor I will ever prevent you; and I suppose they do go to Europe, and will want to take you off to England, and we shall have no little girl to cheer us any more with her music."

"Don't cry! don't cry, mother dear!" cried the impetuous child, as she clung around her mother's neck. "I would not go away and leave you, if the lady was twice as beautiful and grand!"

Miss Nancy wiped her eyes and sighed.

"I always said Justina had a good, kind heart, Mrs. Moore," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Talk about the children having no feelings—they have a soul! You will be the happier and better for your kindness to your mother, my dear," she added, fondly.

But Justina did not hear her. She ran from the room, with her apron to her eyes, and, shutting herself up in her own little chamber, wept and sobbed bitterly. The dying up of a long, fond hope which had suddenly flashed across her, was the bitterest sorrow of her life. Two years to go and to—for how could she bear to wring the heart of her adopted mother.

The room grew dark where she was lying, and through the uncurtained window she could see the full moon, rising over the trees beside the road. There is something in the quiet aspect of nature that may charm the wildest bursts of passion, and at the sight of this familiar and well-loved scene, it seemed as if the kind face of a friend was looking down upon the lonely child. Her heart was more checked, and exhausted with the conflict that had shaken her slender frame, she pillowed her check upon her hand, and gazed up into the blue sky, with a prayer and tender thought of the real mother, who had died in giving her birth, and whose loving face she had never seen.

A low knock at the door startled her, and when she drew the bolt Mrs. Moore entered. She sat down in the moon-light by the window, and drawing Justina to her knee, kissed her, and said gently—

"My poor child, we love you very dearly, but at the same time we are willing to do everything for your good. We must not forget that your father has the truest claim upon you, and that a way will be found to restore you back to him. My husband has just returned from the village, Justina. He has been talking and speaking of your playing, and this English lady where very much to hear you. She wishes you to come to your house every day and play to her. Will you, my dear child?"

"Oh, mother!"

She checked herself instinctively, fearful of giving pain, but her quick, delighted kiss, and the sudden animation of the face that turned again towards the moon, as if to conceal its joy, spoke volumes to Mrs. Moore sighed—kissed the fair high brow, and rose from her seat.

"You shall go, my dear. And if you will come down stairs with me now, I will tell you all things you may want to wear, and your father will tell you when he comes home. Shall we go, Justina?"

Justina followed her, and through the long evening, Mrs. Dr Courcy was the one theme of conversation in the household. Justina sat by her aid and when the child laid her head upon her pillow that night, only all her pure heart was happy, and delighted was she with the prospect of her mourning's visit.

Mrs. Dr Courcy sat languidly over her toast and tea in the parlor, the next day, and as she sipped, ing into the fire, and wondering why her rascle husband did not come.

"If I find her really all they have represented," she said to herself, "I will adopt her, and take her to England with me. I have no child of my own —and the lady sighed deeply—"with whom could the children be compared. I will adopt her, Mr. Moore, if my person of rank has really dropped here, which I believe it has. I will do it."

"It will, indeed, Miss Smith," sighed the farmer's wife, as a thousand visions of rank and splendor opened to her before her bewildered mind. "I do wish I could see her. I always had an idea there must be a great difference between a lady and a different one in her manner."

"So did I," replied her guest, with an air of solemnity. "But I got a fair glimpse of her—and I don't know—after all——"

"Oh, do tell us all about her!" cried the eager Mrs Moore, bustling about with her supper-table; "or wait till I get my supper over, and I will go and has gone to the village, and want be home till nine o'clock, and we will have a nice, cosy little chat together. Will you stay?"

Justina, sitting upon her footstool by the fire, and mechanically knitting under the relief of sorrowful, secretly hoped Miss Nancy Smith would accept the invitation. She did so; for the child with the human nature to resist the tempting hot biscuit and tea of Mrs. Moore's making, or the clear honey, and delicious cheese, she placed on the table by side upon the board. Miss Nancy was accommodated with the best chair, and the little girl, pleased with a profusion of good things; yet still she was silent.

"Is this English lady handsome?" asked Justina, at last, growing tired of seeing her take large mouthfuls of biscuit and honey, and then talk with alternate doses of honey and quince preserves.

Miss Nancy paused in the act of raising her head mysteriously.

"There are different opinions about that, as a matter of course," she said, sagely. "I, for my part, don't think her so, but my sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Wrangum, who professes to be a judge, calls her very beautiful."

But how does she look, Miss Nancy?" persisted Justina.

"She is tall, somewhat fully formed—like Mrs. Lespree, the schoolmaster, who, we all know is a splendid woman. Then, her hair is of a light brown, and wavy and glossy as satin; her complexion is very dark, and her eyes large and blue. I think her mouth pretty, but Mrs. Wrangum says it is too full white teeth; and then, her hands—oh! you should see her hands—why, it is no larger than Justina's, and it has the most beautiful fingers and nails, my dear. I never knew you had such a pretty hand before, Justina, except your English birch."

Justina looked at her hand in silence, severely mortified by the slur given in future, and thinking the aristocratic shape of that useful member; and then she inquired,—

"But her head is as white as snow, and the most beautiful thing I ever saw, Miss Nancy, except though I think I spoke of that before— Justina, my love, what can you be thinking of, to make your eyes sparkle in that way?"

The child looked up with a quick, eager glance, and then bent down again with a heavy sigh.

At once that the restless spirit longed to be away, and that, in the coming of this stranger, only a means to her end.

"I was thinking," said Justina, the glow fading out of her eyes, as she looked down, "I was only how much I should like to see this lady you are talking about, if my mother does not like it too, I will not go near her."

"Justina, please yourself," said Mrs. Moore, bowing as she took over her sad thoughts; "only— Neither your father nor I will ever prevent you; and I suppose they do go to Europe, and will want to take you off to England, and we shall have no little girl to cheer us any more with her music."

"Don't cry! don't cry, mother dear!" cried the impetuous child, as she clung around her mother's neck. "I would not go away and leave you, if the lady was twice as beautiful and grand!"

Miss Nancy wiped her eyes and sighed.

"I always said Justina had a good, kind heart, Mrs. Moore," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Talk about the children having no feelings—they have a soul! You will be the happier and better for your kindness to your mother, my dear," she added, fondly.

But Justina did not hear her. She ran from the room, with her apron to her eyes, and, shutting herself up in her own little chamber, wept and sobbed bitterly. The dying up of a long, fond hope which had suddenly flashed across her, was the bitterest sorrow of her life. Two years to go and to—for how could she bear to wring the heart of her adopted mother.

The room grew dark where she was lying, and through the uncurtained window she could see the full moon, rising over the trees beside the road. There is something in the quiet aspect of nature that may charm the wildest bursts of passion, and at the sight of this familiar and well-loved scene, it seemed as if the kind face of a friend was looking down upon the lonely child. Her heart was more checked, and exhausted with the conflict that had shaken her slender frame, she pillowed her

"Tell Mrs. Dr Courcy I have gone because she is sick. I have not played to her Wednesday, as she wished me to. But she can send for me again, if she wishes to hear me. My mother must very ill—I should come."

"Oh, yes—I'll tell her," said the girl, impatiently. And Justina left the room, and went slowly toward home with head and heart full of strange and new emotions, excited by the peculiar interview just over.

CHAPTER IV.

"STOLEN AWAY!"

For several days Justina walked impatiently for the appearance of Dr Courcy. But the child lady was latent upon other things than music. Letters had been passing continually between the village and the distant city of New York, and on the evening of the sixth day, a small, crafty, meanlooking man alighted from the stage at the door of the inn, and was shown at once to her room.

The next day Justina sat upon her cushion with her eyes closed, and a deep truth upon her cheeks. But when the new-comer entered, she sprang up with endless energy, and placed both her hands in his.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Skellige," she said, with a bewildering smile. "Because I know you have come to take me home to-night if you had not some good news for me."

The lawyer brushed his sandy hair from his eyes, and looked down at the child with a look that was as forbidding as his person—

"I have not, my dear, all has gone well. The cause is decided in your favor, and the other heirs of your father have withdrawn their claims. I am glad to see you so well."

"And the whole is given to me?"

"The whole—amounting to the pretty little sum of two hundred thousand dollars, my dear Miss Justina," replied the lawyer in a dry business-like manner, with the same matter of perfect indifference to him.

The gay widow clapped her hands delightedly.

"I know what I will buy with my money. I have been spent in vain! The whole, did you say? I am to have the whole of it, and I am to go home?"

"Not so fast—my dear Mr. Skellige, you are a person of sense, and will explain."

He let her shake him by the hand again, eyeing her with a sly, sidelong look, the while, as a heavily spoke might watch the silly fly, just before entering the net prepared for it. But when he met the bright, eager expression of her face, it changed upon the instant, and he was, to all outward appearance, again himself, the cold, collected, and trustworthy man of business once more.

"And this child of whom you wrote?" he asked, in a voice that was low.

"Is in the room—I will call her."

The glow and glitter came back to the lady's eyes, and she left the apartment.

"She is here—only a little way from the village, and can easily be sent for whenever we want her. She is a child of no name—and I have spoken to you—the child of Justus Errington."

"Indeed!"

And the man, who, after promising to marry Rose, and taking all the preparations for the wedding essay, suddenly eloped with the wife of your consin, and left her to—was the willow 2" continued the lawyer, watching her with his hard and pitiless eyes.

"Nay—I never were the willow for him 2" cried the lady, lifting her head proudly.

"For the rest—I had forgotten that your marriage with the rich and old Mr. Dr Courcy followed close upon that event," replied Mr. Skellige, in a subdued tone. "But how can I assist you about this child?"

"I must have her with me!" said the lady, in a feverish haste; "wherever I go, that girl must be with me! and now, if I do not wish to be known as even here, that I have taken her. Justus Errington's name must be kept out of all record, and the lawyer, watching her with cat, and never know that I have adopted her. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Madam."

The lawyer mused for a moment, with his chin on his hand.

"I see only one way," he said, at last. "When can you leave this place?"

"To-morrow night, if need be."

"Your lady-maid is trustworthy, and will do any errand without question, I take it?"

"Certainly."

And that road from the village is a lonely one, with but few houses upon it?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you will leave all things to me, and promise not to interfere with the matter by word or deed, or question me, I will guarantee that the child shall accompany us to-morrow night, and no one be the wiser for it."

"There is my hand upon it."

They shook hands; and Mr. Skellige left the lady to her own devices, to refresh himself, after his journey, with a quiet supper.

Early on the following morning, Justina called her dog, and set out on a long walk. The elasticity of the previous day had entirely forsaken her step and the gay carol she sang. Yet when she reached the point upon her father's farm where the lonely road and grand forest met, and turned to the village, a wistful look came over her face, and a sweet, clear song shook upon her lips.

"Miss Justina seems thoughtful this morning!" said a rich, mellow voice at her side.

She started and turned around. The gay lady's maid of Mr. Dr Courcy, was leaning against a tree, and looking at the child with a smile that played around her.

But Justina, in the buoyancy of her heart, and her dog, and set out on a long walk. The elasticity of the previous day had entirely forsaken her step and the gay carol she sang. Yet when she reached the point upon her father's farm where the lonely road and grand forest met, and turned to the village, a wistful look came over her face, and a sweet, clear song shook upon her lips.

"Miss Justina seems thoughtful this morning!" said a rich, mellow voice at her side.

She started and turned around. The gay lady's maid of Mr. Dr Courcy, was leaning against a tree, and looking at the child with a smile that played around her.

But Justina, in the buoyancy of her heart, and the lack of unqualified astonishment the child turned upon her.

"Yes, I am only walk as well as you, my dear," she said, quickly. "Can you read writing, Miss Justina?"

"Of course I can," said the child proudly. "Then there is something my maternal said you to give me, and I will do so. Here it is, my dear."

And the lady's-maid, with a sly, sidelong look, drew a small, neatly folded note, sealed with perfumed wax, and placed it in her hand.

Justina looked at it delightedly. It was the first time she had ever received a letter in her life—and every one knows what a sensation such an event creates in a child's heart. Besides, the letter was so thirtylike in its appearance, so different all from any other refinement, that it was a pleasure to one like her, whose instincts and sympathies were so fine, to whose surroundings had always been so coarse, merely to hold it in her hand.

But Miss Sophie, the lady's-maid, was in a hurry and could not stop to analyze such feelings.

"My lady expects a verbal answer, and charged me not to stay long," she said at last.

Justina started as from a dream, and broke the seal. And this was what she read:

"My DEAR CHILD—I am going away from this place to-morrow night, on my way to Saratoga, and will be very much disappointed if you do not come to see me before I start. Send back your dog by the messenger, as he is too noisy, my carriage shall stop and I will say good-bye. A boy

often true, with a hollow breath, SWALLOW back the cold—well for us there.

"Say nothing of this, however, to your good mother—will you remember? There are matters why I can't explain which I will not you when I see you. You can easily make some excuse to your absence.

"Good-bye, dear child. Do not fail to meet me at the time and place, or I shall have to come after you myself, and that would be a bit of fun the rain daughter he has never seen.

"Once more—not a word of this matter to any one. Remember."

It might, perhaps, have been a dangerous experiment—such a note as that placed in the hands of another child, so young; but Mrs. Dr Courcy was not a fool in human nature, and was rarely deceived in the few persons she trusted. She had known the strength and energy in the child's high, broad brow, and the depth of feeling expressed in the glance of her dark gray eyes. And knowing how intensely she longed to see her absent father, she felt assured that she would not betray her.

Justina looked up from the note with sparkling eyes.

"At seven in the evening. It will be dark, and there is no moon—but never mind—I know the roads, and I can see the stars. I am glad that I will be there, if you please, and that I thank her a thousand times for not forgetting me!"

"And you will be sure to say nothing to nobody," said Sophie, warningly.

"Do you think I do not know how to hold my tongue?" said the child, indignantly. "Say that I will come."

She turned away with the air of a young princess, and left the girl in astonishment.

"Well, to be sure!" she exclaimed, gazing after her, as she trotted with Carly along the road homeward. "I never knew a child in my existence saying she was a gentleman's child, and I begin to believe she is one. What will master say? But I will be three? She's as high and mighty with me as my mistress herself! Well, well—we shall see what we shall see, if everything goes right. I am thankful though I don't know what master will say, for I don't believe he is in the city errands as a wooden image night, without understanding a word of it. Those children are out of them—why, I am very sure I'm not to be blamed."

Thus reasoning and satisfying conscience, Miss Sophie hurried home to report progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LINES.

An distant harbor heard the sea,
When friends go home, dear ship,
In Heaven, when friends the number see,
Dream nearer from the lip.

And as there beside the shore,
When friends are long away,
In Heaven their, dear ship, heard once dead,
Grows nearer day by day.

Then in the harbor those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
Shall hear and know the hearts
Of those who see aright.

January, 1867. C. D. STUART.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

The great health-giver of the day, especially where young children are educated, is, that there is no necessity for it. It is true the girls are allowed, perhaps, half an hour in the week at a time to run round a narrow plot of ground—losing less indulgence and freedom than is granted to the very children in our jails—but as for recreation, amusement, exercise, it exists only in the name. Poor poor creatures, huddled together in rooms ill ventilated, and left only for the hastily swallowed meals, are kept all day jerking over their copy and it understand; the nervous system consequently becomes debilitated and irritable, and, as the physical energies are impaired, so does the mental vigor correspondingly decline; whereas had half the time been allotted for study been well employed and judiciously directed, and some hours in the day devoted to healthful exercise and recreation in the open air, the impressions traced on the memory instead of being fated would be permanently and healthily engraved, and everybody would be satisfied for sickness, misery and disquiet, and apathetic indifference, which in after years too common, that they are not taught to reflect or reason—nothing is done to raise the standard of the mind, and the pupils, when they leave are compelled to cause facts and out-worry the memory, but the analysis of cause facts, and the comparison of them with each other, are generally totally neglected.

THE DUTIES OF YOUTH.

The first year of man must make provision for the last. It is not over thinking, not to be wise. Perpetual levity ends in ignorance; and incompetence, and the fool who will not think, must be a fool, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider how we shall live our days, and what is the nature of wise men, and the means of doing good; let us, therefore, every where, in our youth, inquire; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to render to God an account of our time. Let us count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which it has produced.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

"I cannot forbear giving you advice to you, my dearest child," said a distinguished statesman to his daughter, "that you should never trifle with your word; from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a woman, and that your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother, your dear, good mother, speak rude or lasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her in this amiable and lasty in your temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has been of infinite disadvantage to me. Never use more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than you'd thing I ever undertook."

MEDICINE.

Medicine—The mixture of one error with much truth: for example, the mixture of a little of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore be aware of all error, however small and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

Appreciation.—The affected of every country nearly resemble each other. Paltry affectation, strained affectation, and disgusting flurry, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or stupidity, wherever it would endeavor to please.

Manners may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

A WINTER SONG.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, a fiery night, of a winter night,
In the kingly month of cold,
When the fair-star planet, in the eastern pale haze,
Like the same on a silver shield;
How the Bear-queens dance in their crystal aisle,
And every tongue of the misery hush,
Cry, come on to sleep!
By the moon's pale light,
And every thought on the sweet and fold!

O, a fiery night, of a winter night,
In the kingliest of our winter month!
When the Frost-King builds his wizard halls,
And forts for his hoar-hit army;
How the castle walls and the arrows high,
And the floating fire the weaver sky!
Cry, come to sleep,
Under the fire-house bright,
Or it shows in the Frost-King night!

O, the snow-clad field, and the Frost-King's shield,
They are fare of a winter night,
And we follow our prints in our reminiscence,
By our branch-fires burning bright;
Let the traveler come where the moon beams play,
And the Frost-King hold 'till the break of day,
Watching in the morning,
Where there's fire and merry,
With the Frost-King rules our winter night.

THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The night had shut in with snow, and by nine o'clock the wind which drove gustily from west to meridian, and from meridian to west, had piled a great drift against the door of a small tavern, where sat three men around as bright a wood fire as ever, with its red sparkles, strove away the thoughts of a black and stormy night.

The name of that fire was red flint gaulty which strikes against the traveler's face like needles, and for what of that paying and familiar description that ruffles and tumbles his hair and moustache, turns umbrellas inside out, and causes the luckless wearer to pray aloud for the soft and friendly glimmer of some wayside light.

Our traveler thought nothing surprised when the door opened and a stranger entered. He was a little pale-faced man, with a pale eye, and having placed his small bundle noiselessly on the floor, and brushed the snow from his thin cloak, he stretched forward his hands and acquired in a voice singularly sweet and modest, whether he could be accommodated with lodging.

"No!" answered the host, in a tone meant perhaps to be cordial, but which was in reality surly rude; greatly beyond the requirement of denial, for in truth he liked not the friendless garments and silvering surprising gentleness of the stranger—besides, his entrance had interrupted a charming chat which one of the other guests—Dandy Iravelers was relating.

"I suppose your little tavern is already crowded," said the pale, little stranger, speaking sweetly and modestly as before, "and I ought to have known better than to intrude upon such a good friend;" and stepping toward the candle, which stood on the wooden table, he took from his pocket a bank purse, and with one hasty shock and sniff a dozen pieces of silver into the palm of the other. The frozen expression about the landlord's mouth began to thaw into something like a smile, as he said,—

"Perhaps, if one of my guests should consent to share his bed, I might—I might—" and the gentleman at the fire began to draw back their chairs so as to widen the circle.

Not heeding these friendly proceedings, however, the stranger selected the prize of a night's lodging and supper, and promised it to the landlord, saying, "I looked through your window, my good sir, and saw a comfortable meal at your fire, and feasted at your table—take what I owe you, for though I am blessed and unmanly, I am not a begin your debtor."

And having said this, he closed the door softly, and stepped out into the snow. The landlord sat down grim and troubled—the candle began to grow dim, and for the space of a little while both had blazed so high and so bright, to fall together and darken.

"I wish the young man had cursed me," said the unmanly landlord, breaking silence at last, "instead of leaving me this silver;" and rising with abrupt energy, he threw the money out into the street, as if the lighting of it burnt his hands.

"I can appreciate your feeling, my dear sir," said one of the three travelers, unbuttoning his great coat and drawing a long breath, as if to relieve himself of some troublesome thoughts. Then stirring the fire, he answered the looks of those who directed toward him by saying, "One stormy night like this I saved a man's life—some eleven or ten years old, there was a knocking at the door, and I ran to open it, supposing I knew who was coming, for we lived in a secluded country neighborhood, and were not liable, especially after night, to any strangers. When, therefore, I was by the light of the candle I held in my hand, a tall, gaunt figure with great coat and hat, and with a rifle within one arm, and a knapsack in the other, I drew back with a manner of some uncertainty—the stranger grinned, and there was a clenched fist in the other hand for me. My first glance at the stranger, as he stepped within the door, was one of flushed and fiery indignation. He returned with a repugnant look, but there were some twinkles about the corners of his mouth that showed me how much he was amused at my alarm.

"He proved to be no adventurer—a young, back-woodsman in search of his fortune, which he hoped to find as the 'hired man' of some farmer. The night was wild as that which I saw, and we soon agreed that the young man should remain with us till morning, and his proposition was accepted to hold under consideration.

"During the evening I was the object of many a satirical shaft—and the young man, whose Christian name was Bartlett, suggested that I was salamander-proof—but bore, with a smile, a steady eye upon one of them critters, he said, and stop backward from me, but as I had nothing to offer himself, was the true way to

"You may imagine that my first prejudice against him was deepened considerably by the next kindred allusions, and that I parted from him for the night seeking heartily to carry closely upon hated. I by awake, I remember, trying to compose my courage, and adjusting my pillow and my school-mates a toy what I thought would have courage enough to present it. To make the story short—the father allowed the man—he was to perform such farm labor, errands and chores as were required of him, and to receive for a term of three months of this sort of service twenty-five dollars, having also his board and washing, but that's not the here nor there. For the life of me I could not overcome my first dislike, but it softened somewhat, and I delayed my revenge indefinitely.

"The first week of Bartlett's apprenticeship I was busy most of the time in a small shop adjoining the stable, where harness and tools of various kinds were kept, in an attempt to make a handsled—which was the greatest object of my boyish ambition. Once or twice, when Bartlett stopped at the door, I slammed it in his face, and in the little attentions of the same nature gave him to understand that any amicable relations between him and me was altogether out of the question.

"At last the sled, a rude and clumsy affair, was completed, and hung on a peg within the shop door.

"After supper I went to view my treasure once more, and to persuade myself that it was better than it was, for I had not equalled my expectations, and was very much disappointed, notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary.

"What was my surprise and indignation to find Bartlett curiously examining my clumsy machinations!

"My first impulse was to shut and lock the door, and having once done it, I was ashamed to undo my work, but went suddenly to the house, resolved that I would return when it was quite dark and my presence not likely to be seen. The key of the padlock was still in my hand when I entered the house, and the noise of doing myself ill-will slipped it over my finger, and began swinging it about. Naturally enough, I lost control of it presently—it flew across the room and hit my father in the face—he quietly put it in his pocket, and sent me to bed in disgrace. I might have died on the rack as well—not once did I close my eyes, and such fearful imaginations ran through my heaven grant I may never be troubled with again.

"The night was intensely cold—the stable door was open, and in the best winter weather decidedly uncomfortable—perhaps Bartlett would freeze to death! The more I thought of it the more likely it seemed to me that he would; then, of course, I would be taken to prison, for I was the eldest boy

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $10; eight copies, $20. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed to add a single copy at $2.50. The paper will be sent at $2 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. It will be useless for parties to write us today big or our talking large clubs at lower rates: no clergyman's family paper has the Ledger's circulation, and for the present, I cannot be induced to lose time from better work to talk about it. Specimen numbers sent free. Back numbers can always be had. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed to add a single copy at $2.50. The paper will be sent at $2 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. It will be useless for parties to write us today big or our talking large clubs at lower rates: no clergyman's family paper has the Ledger's circulation, and for the present, I cannot be induced to lose time from better work to talk about it. Specimen numbers sent free. Back numbers can always be had. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed to add a single copy at $2.50. The paper will be sent at $2 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. It will be useless for parties to write us today big or our talking large clubs at lower rates: no clergyman's family paper has the Ledger's circulation, and for the present, I cannot be induced to lose time from better work to talk about it. Specimen numbers sent free. Back numbers can always be had.

Address all letters to the publication office, and make all money orders payable to the order of the publication office.

Letters intended for the Editor should be addressed to him personally, and marked "Private," otherwise they will be opened by the publication office.

Manuscripts sent to the Editor will be carefully considered, and if not accepted will be returned to the writer, if a stamp is inclosed for that purpose.

Communications for the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Would my one like to know how a place of public worship, in one of our peaceful villages, and some half-century since? If so, I should like to tell them.

A long parallelogram of wood, painted white, was surmounted by a modest steeple, from whence a clock warned the residents of their fleeting hours, and a bell announced when they were expected within. There were square pews, finished elaborately with small mouldings, and very pulpit, overhung by an immense sounding-board. Let it shield for ever from me how many dolls would be thrust under it, how many pins would be there left, having office ascribed to them all at the Judas in creation were—not well, never mind them now. I have learned to like sermons!

And to return to the subject. Just as long as themes like "The Nature of Evil," or "Hydrostatics," or "Moral Science," and kindred subjects, are given out to poor bewildered children, to bite their nails and grit their teeth over, while the ink in the well of their spiteful pens, how many doll "composition day" dawn on them full of terror. Such dames are bad enough, but when you add the order to write down page as a task, you make them worse. The modern style of writing compositions, as subversive of good habits of composition as the command is tyrannical, stupid, and ridiculous. You joke about the "early days" of your mama; this way has strong temptations to pass off for its own the best parts of the thesis of another; and this of itself, as a matter of principle, should receive serious consideration at the hands of those who control education. But the worst of the system much has escaped, to write words without ideas. Many a child has been set to write words, and to return a child's composition to him with the remark, "Very good, but not to the point." Alas me said all he has in my, what more would you have?—what more can you get, but repetition? Then, I say, let us get down to the root of the evil at the first line—a lesson which many an adult has yet to learn.

In the first place, give a child no theme above his comprehension and capacity; or, better still, allow him to make his own subject. Then you may consider one fine, intelligibly and concisely expressed, better than a dozen of the opposite. In this way only can he be taught to write well, simply, and naturally. Then, when you come to read, The little bird at first takes but short flights to the nearest tree. Bye and bye, as his strength and confidence grow, they are of longer range, and pleasurably lengthened, till at last you can scarce follow him, as he poises himself in the highest Nature—pushing the little fledgling rudely out of the nest, and you will learn that composition is the best, but cripped flights. In the same of the children, I enter my earnest protest against it, and think of the mothers and parents to think of it about this evil.

FANNY FERN.

TOURNEY.

Let the world fly off its axis any hour in the twenty-four, and I shall not be surprised. I am not then, and I promise to out-Socrates Socrates, myself, in coolness and equanimity, to the end of the day. If I am to have one glimpse of sunshine about eighteen hours in the day, if my coffee, or her who sits down to coffee (all hail coffee!) with a decided pink. The witches fly away with that breeze who presides herself in cool spring, and dances herself with a yawn. Unscathed be that groove, who affords my poisoned with a decided sigh; I growled be that daisy-man who waters my garden, and that full podge of a baker who is early with his hot rolls.

Tell me no disagreeables—be not argumentative over me Monday; discourse of lovely nature—but not yet dabble in the Black Sea of politics. Tell me not the price of silk stuffs I am entirely neither inquire of me prematurely, when I will be ready to go. Let the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" be in it, and touch thy lips to my eye-lids to thus passeth to thy soul. If thou hast a cloven-foot, or a hump, or a hair on it, keep it, and down hat, bronze, my female's decease then silently as its self from the South, that I praise Heaven for the sweet morning.

FANNY FERN.

SUNDAY.

Apart from vanity and sin,
How soul and body shrink!
As if our father bid us in
To sup with Him!

Blest hour! a vestibule before
Of watchfulness and of care,—
Of "Watch and pray" lest we implore
Upon the hinge of prayer!

ALICE CARY.

A SURE PROPHESY.

Some thousands of years ago, a celebrated Chinese philosopher, (Confucius), pointing to the West, predicted that from that quarter should arise the light and regeneration of the world. The idea, at that day, was quite absurd; but it is probably celebrated line:

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

Certain it is, whether it be to Christianity, or to the progress of art, science and commerce, that westward the star of Empire takes its way, that the West has steadily expanded into a broader and brighter field for the progress and triumphs of civilization. The East, which was cast the "Garden of God," and the paradise of man, has so steadily receded from its Paradisaic grandeur, and so slowly and empty, for the back as we can trace history, the great empires of the universal kingdom and universal Pantheon the East, except the Jewish, which was the result of a special revelation, and which, in fact, has been the world of the past has never known. The day of the nations and of the race is no longer in the East. Brighter than the Sun of Righteousness, the star of Empire has risen in the West, and is even now long to re-act and illumine the whole earth.

THE DECLINE OF THE HOOP.

The hoop is to be beautified out of fashionable gear. The Empress Eugenie, who first imposed this monstrosity upon women, has now, for sex, by a decree of the immortal coil, and now wields the corrigible composition of the Tuileries enveloped in all the very grace of unrestrained and bewildering drapery. Of course, all feminine Paris will follow suit; the universal feminine world will imitate the Parisian sisterhood, and the streets of civilized cities will again become passable. Hoop—hoop—hoop—hurrah!

OUR BACHELORS.—Miss Tucker says, it's with old bachelors as with old wood—it is hard to get them started; but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by Ernestine Rose, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

A WORD TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

I have before me a simple but imploring letter from a little child, begging me "to write it as a composition." I could number scores of such, which I have received. I allude to it for the sake of calling the attention of parents and teachers to this cruel bugbear of childhood, with which a fatal system inflicts, although it never had nerves for me. The Multiplication Table was the rock on which my unfortunate childhood was split; but inability to ascertain "if John had ten apples, and Thomas had many, how many John would have left," luring office caused me to wish that all the Johns in creation were—well, never mind them now. I have learned to like sermons!

Then the psalm was read, the chorister arose in the deacon's seat, beneath the pulpit, uttering in clear, high tones the name of the tune,—"Mear," "St. Martins," "Old Hundred," "Bath," or "Bangor." Then, giving the pitch, through a cabalistic-looking tube, and beating the time with high-raised hand, all who had voices, and some who had not, joined in the united strain. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient walls. The modern style of singing, unaccompanied with the elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with the spirit as the honest, earnest, old-fashioned singing.

There were then no fires in the places of worship. What—neither furnace nor stove, do you indeed! Such things had not lifted their encumbering visages there. The weather was not then as it is now, and the services, perhaps, somewhat longer. No one complained that I am aware of, that he was cold, or that he was sleepy. Men carried to their more aristocratic pews. Once I saw a man taken from one, and laid upon the floor, in the aisle, in a fit of sickness, and he was carried home in a chaise. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient walls. The modern style of singing, unaccompanied with the elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with the spirit as the honest, earnest, old-fashioned singing.

There were then no fires in the places of worship. What—neither furnace nor stove, do you indeed! Such things had not lifted their encumbering visages there. The weather was not then as it is now, and the services, perhaps, somewhat longer. No one complained that I am aware of, that he was cold, or that he was sleepy. Men carried to their more aristocratic pews. Once I saw a man taken from one, and laid upon the floor, in the aisle, in a fit of sickness, and he was carried home in a chaise. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient walls. The modern style of singing, unaccompanied with the elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with the spirit as the honest, earnest, old-fashioned singing.

There were then no fires in the places of worship. What—neither furnace nor stove, do you indeed! Such things had not lifted their encumbering visages there. The weather was not then as it is now, and the services, perhaps, somewhat longer. No one complained that I am aware of, that he was cold, or that he was sleepy. Men carried to their more aristocratic pews. Once I saw a man taken from one, and laid upon the floor, in the aisle, in a fit of sickness, and he was carried home in a chaise. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient walls. The modern style of singing, unaccompanied with the elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with the spirit as the honest, earnest, old-fashioned singing.

There were then no fires in the places of worship. What—neither furnace nor stove, do you indeed! Such things had not lifted their encumbering visages there. The weather was not then as it is now, and the services, perhaps, somewhat longer. No one complained that I am aware of, that he was cold, or that he was sleepy. Men carried to their more aristocratic pews. Once I saw a man taken from one, and laid upon the floor, in the aisle, in a fit of sickness, and he was carried home in a chaise. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient walls. The modern style of singing, unaccompanied with the elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with the spirit as the honest, earnest, old-fashioned singing.

RECIPE FOR BEAUTY.

False pride and indolence are the besetting sins of our women—air and exercise are neglected—sitting in the house and always stooping in useful occupations, while manners, perhaps, the best exercise possible, if you were but lazy to work. And there is no beauty which is not nearly based on health, worth any thing at all; therefore my fair readers, if you would be beautiful, be industrious—at any rate, be active; but if with activity, you can unite cheerfulness, so much the better, for the thought that you have done a good action is like a seed planted in your soul, that will bloom in your every day face; and nothing is more of a cosmetic than a form.

How ruddy beautiful countenances can we all call to mind, that diverted of their exquisite expression, would be plain enough. If a rose were colored black it would not be more beautiful than from loveliness than is the face when the hue of a bad or vulgar nature comes into it.

A smile put on for an occasion, counterfeits the pure light that radiates from a good heart, no better than a painted mask shows the divine workmanship of nature.

Let us then take the advantages of form and feature, if duly any persons to look beautiful without taking so their pains.

Careful activity is the main ingredient of my recipe. Then, some atmosphere in a high condition; and these combined will do more for your complexion, poor hollow sufferer of headache and sickly pallor, than all the "beauty" that ever was made.

The best way to get the balm of flowers, is to cultivate them in your garden, and not on flowers on the open seemingly meadows.

Then, cheerful and kindly atmosphere which is the accompaniment of modern improvement, is detrimental exceedingly to all vigorous and healthy action, and the high-fed, and over-fed delicacies that inhale such poisons, and live in it as in a bath, are the most unwholesome imaginable, and are a poison agencies that I have sometimes seen in consequence.

A young girl that was playing in the street with other children near Johnson and Ray streets in Brooklyn, was run over by a runaway horse and wagon, and a horse and wagon, and in attempting to escape was thrown down and run over by the horse. Her head and arm and one arm were broken, and she was otherwise severely injured. It is not described if the girl's parents should never allow their children to play in the street.

Mrs. Bunn, the renowned millionaire-ess, of Philadelphia, has had her diamonds stolen to the amount of $20,000. It is said that this robbery was perpetrated while the lady was at church. Of course, the police of the most experienced police officers can as yet obtain no clue to the robbers.

Accustomed to a recent book of statistics, there are in the two counties of Kent and Sussex forty-one a many million of dollars; the popular idea is that there are hundreds of millions of it. It is the idea of the great mass of money, and vastly more than men of the richest people in the country.

The London Post has a long report, in which it says that Gladstone's speech is the best of the session; great lords are shown up as trespassing because of an unwillingness to pay for their pleasure; Gladstone is also much for "aristocracy."

The Tribune extracts from Niagara, in which seem that General Walker's case as a conqueror "is accordingly." It is understood that the case of war against provisions or ammunition, and had been a small body of riflemen.

A woman living in East Brooklyn, while under the influence of liquor, fell asleep with her head near a fireplace, and the consequence was that her head was burned.

The British Government have arranged to dispatch a line of steamers to Australia, touching at Suez River, for colonists and commercial purposes.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was but 38 years old when he died. He was a true young spirit.

WIT AND HUMOR.

At a stall in one of our markets, not long since, a few lobsters were for sale. A stranger, unacquainted with the habits of the animal, inquired of the fish-woman whether they were alive. "Alive!" she answered, "I should say they were alive, for I caught them myself, and carried them to the store with my own hands." "Why, then," said the stranger, "how do you manage to keep them alive?" "Oh," replied the lobster's shell, closing with a "whack." Referred to the meaning of the word "whack," the gentleman with whom he had never known it to be used before, and was satisfied.

A CELEBRATED lecturer on natural philosophy was discoursing eloquently on the power of electricity, defying any one to name or show anything surpassing the subtlety of that wonderful agent. Suddenly there came to the lecturer's surprise, but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform. He was a tall, lean woman, and was the longest of magnetic—for, if the handsome on the table could be moved, it was by the aid of two fat men. Then a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attend his lectures, stepped up and touched the lady with her finger.

A young man, residing within a mile of Slug Hollow, was recently married, and he gathered a new leaf home from a party. On the way he completed his house he was accosted by a friend who asked him how he was, and he could his eyes nothing until they beheld every, when he replied, "I am now in a state of single blessedness." "Why, what's the matter?" asked the friend, in a sudden surprise, to which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, for I have always considered him a confirmed bachelor ever since I knew him." The man was silent during the rest of the ride.

A young man, residing within a mile of Slug Hollow, was recently married, and he gathered a new leaf home from a party. On the way he completed his house he was accosted by a friend who asked him how he was, and he could his eyes nothing until they beheld every, when he replied, "I am now in a state of single blessedness." "Why, what's the matter?" asked the friend, in a sudden surprise, to which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, for I have always considered him a confirmed bachelor ever since I knew him." The man was silent during the rest of the ride.

A young man, residing within a mile of Slug Hollow, was recently married, and he gathered a new leaf home from a party. On the way he completed his house he was accosted by a friend who asked him how he was, and he could his eyes nothing until they beheld every, when he replied, "I am now in a state of single blessedness." "Why, what's the matter?" asked the friend, in a sudden surprise, to which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, for I have always considered him a confirmed bachelor ever since I knew him." The man was silent during the rest of the ride.

A young man, residing within a mile of Slug Hollow, was recently married, and he gathered a new leaf home from a party. On the way he completed his house he was accosted by a friend who asked him how he was, and he could his eyes nothing until they beheld every, when he replied, "I am now in a state of single blessedness." "Why, what's the matter?" asked the friend, in a sudden surprise, to which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, for I have always considered him a confirmed bachelor ever since I knew him." The man was silent during the rest of the ride.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young man named Eckert, living in Bridgeport, Connecticut, recently received advices of his having been left heir to $100,000, by a French gentleman named Bonnet, who formerly resided in that place. It seems that Bonnet was a poor man, and married in the city, with a beautiful daughter of Eckert's, who was then a widow with one child, and young Eckert, beginning to ramble, endured them much service, in a way which kindled a warm regard for the stepfather. Bonnet afterwards returned to New Orleans, the daughter died, and now the fortune has been left to the stepson. The latter is described by the young stranger, who so finally befriended them as their first and only friend in the world. The fortune is said to have been honestly remained.

A few years since, a respectable looking man dropped his pocket-book, as he was crossing the Park, near the Fountain. A poor Irish woman, who was passing, picked up the pocket-book, ran after its owner and handed it to him. The man received it with great emotion, and said, triumphantly, "Had I lost that, I should have been ruined!" He was about to leave without rewarding the boy, but suddenly recollecting himself, he put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a bill, and handing it to the poor woman, requested her to give it to the poor child who had saved him from ruin. The bill was for one thousand dollars. We have no doubt that every reader will have something to say on the subject.

Within a short period, several unprincipled men in this city have been arrested for the crime of seducing women and young girls into deplorable associations, first by means of elaborately contrived matrimonial schemes, and then by threats. Sometimes the correspondence was carried on for years before the parties published in the papers. Female dress-makers in the cities and villages have been especially fond themselves exposed in the full blaze of the most contemptible notoriety, by the arrest and exposure of this country bears, and believe, that any man who will thus trifle with the affections of the female heart, is a villain of the deepest dye, and deserves the severest punishment the law can inflict.

A Mr. Bunn, the renowned millionaire-ess, of Philadelphia, has had her diamonds stolen to the amount of $20,000. It is said that this robbery was perpetrated while the lady was at church. Of course, the police of the most experienced police officers can as yet obtain no clue to the robbers.

Accustomed to a recent book of statistics, there are in the two counties of Kent and Sussex forty-one a many million of dollars; the popular idea is that there are hundreds of millions of it. It is the idea of the great mass of money, and vastly more than men of the richest people in the country.

The London Post has a long report, in which it says that Gladstone's speech is the best of the session; great lords are shown up as trespassing because of an unwillingness to pay for their pleasure; Gladstone is also much for "aristocracy."

The Tribune extracts from Niagara, in which seem that General Walker's case as a conqueror "is accordingly." It is understood that the case of war against provisions or ammunition, and had been a small body of riflemen.

A woman living in East Brooklyn, while under the influence of liquor, fell asleep with her head near a fireplace, and the consequence was that her head was burned.

The British Government have arranged to dispatch a line of steamers to Australia, touching at Suez River, for colonists and commercial purposes.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was but 38 years old when he died. He was a true young spirit.

It is estimated that the damage done to the railroads of this State by the floods of the present month of March will exceed two millions of dollars.

A WOMAN living in East Brooklyn, while under the influence of liquor, fell asleep with her head near a fireplace, and the consequence was that her head was burned.

The British Government have arranged to dispatch a line of steamers to Australia, touching at Suez River, for colonists and commercial purposes.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was but 38 years old when he died. He was a true young spirit.

It is estimated that the damage done to the railroads of this State by the floods of the present month of March will exceed two millions of dollars.

A WOMAN living in East Brooklyn, while under the influence of liquor, fell asleep with her head near a fireplace, and the consequence was that her head was burned.

The British Government have arranged to dispatch a line of steamers to Australia, touching at Suez River, for colonists and commercial purposes.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was but 38 years old when he died. He was a true young spirit.

It is estimated that the damage done to the railroads of this State by the floods of the present month of March will exceed two millions of dollars.

THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Long, in her shaded room she sate,
Though morning o'er a world
Through trees was with a shudder heard
The light sigh of the wind.
It scattered not—for this blue-eyed chart
Each line was graven on her heart.

A pleasant sweetness rules the hour,
For she has learned to love—and now
Her soul's deep current bears along
The first pure tribute of a vow.
And quivering eagerness, with tenderness,
Seems strangely blending with her eyes.

A doorway I in her bosom's fair
Where many pages grace it,
And fashioning scrolls on her brow
Up to the parting hair.
Oh, bashful virgin! does that hurrying flame?
Is this the time to blush?

Beside her nightly couch she kneels,
To her heavenly Friend! and many a tear
Has her grateful heart revealed,
Like pearls that lie by sea in the clearly
Another name is on her prayer,
Another soul entwined with hers.

Remember'd, that name, to know this theme,
Since her love vers is spoken,
And for him and her wavering words
The pen is dipped and broken.
Thus shall it be, till faith has ceased,
Its work performed, and hidden
Those widening streams of spirits and fly,
Around her slumbers stole,
And within Quotin snatch'd away
The maiden's hoarded scroll,
Her first love-letter! Lo! it sails,
In fragments on the heaving gulfs.

Oh, Lady! chance and change await
The brightest, earthly lot,
The wish and tender trust abide,
And Love, with pain and heaven-mixed sway,
Sustains while keenly bleeds away.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE RIVALRADE OF BOSTON," "THE SPOUSE SECRET," "THE GOLD HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WOLF HAS MET HIS PREY.

The present meeting between Kate and Clara was less restrained than the one they had held, though now they spoke but little of anything save the business they had before them.

"Dear Kate!" said Clara, in a tone of apprehension, "whose will be your safety after we are gone? And where will you find shelter? They will know that he helped in this work."

"Ah, we have all that provided for," replied Andrew, who had overheard the remark. "Kate and I are going with you."

"How?" cried Clara, "Shall we fly?"

"No. We have everything prepared to that end."

"But your house—your tools—your furniture?"

"As for the house, that is the care of itself," said the young host. "All my most valuable articles, such as books and so on, I have hidden where I don't think they can be found. My furniture may be confiscated; but I think I can sustain the loss."

"I think you can," interposed Eugene, with a meaning look and nod.

"But you must do all this just for me," resumed Clara. "For me, you put your father from your home and——"

"Stop, Clara," interrupted Andrew. "Had it not been for your salvation I might not have left here as present; but how long I could have remained is not certain. The British are ready suspect me, and I know that a watch has been set upon my movements since my escape from Elizabethtown. I have thought seriously of leaving before this, both on that account and that the lasting wear of my friends is worth that much trouble on my part; so we'll prepare for our departure, and have the rest for some better opportunity."

Clara glowed in the look with which she regarded her noble host how grateful she was; but she knew that such pressed, and she went with Kate to prepare for the toilsome journey before them.

The two horses which had been brought from the colonial stable, and which had served to that effect, had been taken to the little barn where Andrew kept his own, and where Eugene's beast was now put up. The men had made all their preparations, and only waited now for the girls to be ready.

The extra clothing of both brother and sister had been packed up in bundles, and these were to be secured to the saddles, while all such things as were likely to be wanted through the winter had been hidden away with the tools.

It was half o'clock when the four horses were led up to the door. The girls were mounted on their saddles—Kate riding upon her brother's horse, and Clara upon Eugene's—and after taking account about them, so that the wind could not blow the garments of either of the girls, and see them locked up, after which the men mounted and guildered up their reins.

The wind was from the south-east, and the course of the travellers very near north-east, so they were likely to be from the storm's severest side; but they thought little of this. They remembered Andrew's remark; that the very storm might prove the cover under which their escape would be safe, and therefore they faced the coming blast without flinching. But they found it a tough one when they reached the road, and for a few moments even the horses recoiled from urging their ordinary. The snow blew directly across the way, and in some deep drifts had been piled up quite in the path. Yet they kept bravely on, taking the Rahway road, as they considered that the safest.

Two or three times they met parties, and whether they saw the travellers or not, our friends could not tell. Andrew knew where two of them were stationed, and they dashed past at the top of their speed. However, he had warned the second and last them, but they paid no attention to it. They expected the guard would fire upon them if he observed them, but it was not dooin; so both the young men thought it most likely that in the wild fury of the storm they had passed unobserved.

"Is it not strange," said Clara, addressing her lover, "how simple mental activity can keep the body up? Under ordinary circumstances I could not bear this trial; but now it is only pastime."

"You speak truly," returned Eugene. "But," he added, in a tone of concern, "do you not suffer now?"

"Not at all—not at all," she quickly responded. "There is really something grand in it—something inspiring—in bracing such a storm. Ah, no—my heart's too warm and excited to suffer from any such outward cause as this. But I fear Kate may suffer."

"Are you speaking of me?" asked the latter, who had overheard the remark.

"Yes," replied Eugene. "Clara was fearing that you might suffer from the cold."

"No—not at all," she laughed up so that only my face it opposed; and even that I contrive to hide in such a manner behind Andrew that I do not suffer. No, no—don't fear on my account. I am only to chappy that we are able to be here."

A wonder how fastened Lyndaren to enjoying himself?" remarked Andrew with a light laugh.

"He must be feeling rather unpleasantly," returned Eugene. "If no one calls upon him on business he won't get close till midnight."

"He won't be likely to have calls on such a night," added Clara. "The orderly will be relieved at twelve o'clock, and then I suppose he'll be found."

"Aye," cried Kate, "And by that time we'll be beyond the reach of pursuit."

"You," said Andrew; "and we are beyond it now. Every minute makes the going worse and worse, so that if we are followed the pursuers will not get over the ground we have passed as swiftly as we have done."

The wind still howled its furious notes, and the snow still whirled about in the night-air in dense clouds; but the darkness was not so intense as before, for the moon was up. Its face was not to be seen, nor could its place be judged by the eye; yet it diffused much of the gloom, and the horses were able to move along more freely. The girls still laughed from mental joyful tones, and their companions had no more cause of fear. They were

CAPTAIN FERMINTON RESCUING ROSALIE FROM HER FATHER AND HIS COMRADES.

"And what have you found? Where is Callahan and Mrs. Reed?"

"I have found the woman in the kitchen bound just as you were, sir; but Dennis Callahan I can't find."

Lyndaren was not yet calm enough to speak calmly upon any topic. He chafed, and raved, and ground his teeth in a rage unruly impotent. But finally he managed to find coherent words enough to bid the orderly go and find Dennis.

The orderly went below with his hatters, and having looked through each rooms in the lower part of the house, as he had not previously visited, he went out into the back yard. There was but one other place on the premises where a man could be hidden, and that was the stable. To thither he went, and he found his companion as the Rebels had left him.

Poor Dennis was set free; and as his coat had been no very out, upon the soft lap, he could see his legs quite well, though there was but little strength in his arms. The two repaired to the Colonel's room at once, where Dennis was requested to relate what had befallen him. He could say till, however, that he had been knocked down, bound, and gagged, and then dragged away into the stable. He said Andrew Van Brunt was one of them; but he did not plainly see the face of the other.

The Colonel knew who the other was. He had recognized in him the son of old Quinn; and he knew, of course, that circumstances would not permit of a delay. The young man who came here and gained admittance by the ruse he was an impostor. He has gone off—he left the house not long after the sun was o'clock—and I for he may be a Rebel spy. The Rebels will not be far off, and I will send upon a friend, and I suspected nothing; but when I found the stables, and found that he had not returned, I became alarmed. I hurried to the barn, but the horses were gone, and then at once started to give the alarm. I could answer no one at the ground's, so I came here."

"You have acted as air of sincerity that the colonel swallowed it all, and from that moment he never more suspicion of any weight upon the smith. He was questioned quite sharply, but came off without committing himself, or circling any doubt as to his veracity.

As soon as the colonel could walk he had orders sent to the guard-house, and a company of men sent in pursuit. Dennis reported that the Rebels had taken the best two horses in the stable; and upon going to Van Nater's stable, and finding his horse gone and his house locked up, they of course knew that the party had fled.

Twelve troopers, upon stout, powerful horses, were soon in the saddle, and away they went on the way road, with directions to bring back the Rebels, if they found them, dead or alive. It was just one o'clock when they set out.

Soon after daylight, the troopers returned. They had found nothing of the fugitives, nor had they been able to gain any information concerning them. The storm was such that no one could have ridden any distance in such a storm; but still it must have been so.

There was considerable excitement in the camp for a while; but they were so used to strange freaks on the part of the Rebels, that it soon wore away, and was ere long eclipsed by the capture of a British deserter, who came into camp in a party of Rebels, with Karmel at their head.

But though others forgot the events of that night, Col. James Lyndaren remembered them well enough. Not only had he suffered an indignity which enabled in his bosom, but he had lost a prize for the keeping of which he would even have sacrificed his house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROSALIE'S REPENTANCE.

We must return now to Rosalie Lincoln.

The unhappy girl sat by her window on that afternoon which was to have seen the return of Eloop; but she saw nothing of him. It grew dark, but no Eloop came. Night passed, and in the morning—Thursday morning—she came faint at heart, and sick in body. Her head ached, and the blood coursed swiftly and hotly through her veins. She went to her window and looked out upon the snow, and she felt as though it would be a relief to be buried up in it. She raised the sash, and having gathered a handful of the frozen snow, she applied it to her brow. It afforded her a slight sense of relief, but it did not mitigate her pain.

She heard the fire crackling in the next room—the apartment which had been given to her for a sitting-room—and she went down and built more coal. The pain in her head grew more intense as she sat by the fire, and she hastily put her hands back. But the fire which worked upon her system appetite fully was within! It dwelt in her heart, and it coursed through her veins.

Ere long a serving woman came up, and when she looked upon the girl she started with such astonishment and fear.

"Why! Bless my soul, Miss Rose, you are sick! you look dreadfully!"

"Alas! I feel dreadfully," murmured the poor girl, raising her hand to her brow and pressing it there.

"But you're real sick," the woman said. "Something must be done." And as she thus spoke, she approached, and kindly, and deeply, Rosalie's side she took one of her hands.

"Why—mercy! how hot your flesh is! Don't you feel very sick?"

"Yes. Oh! My head aches, and I am sick—sick—"

"Do you see—very sick. You must have the doctor."

"But bill me," the maiden cried, with a sudden effort, "has Eloop returned?"

"No—he has'nt come yet. But they expect him every minute. He'll be real sorry when he knows you're sick. But then you can't be married while you're as sick as you are now."

"Do you think they would let me out?" the girl uttered eagerly.

"Why—how could they help it?" the woman returned, shoving by her look and tone that she was surprised at the manner in which the question had been asked.

"Also!" resumed Rosalie, raising her hand again to her brow. "I fear that my fever is upon me. Oh! I wish I were sleeping with my brother!"

"But she's dead!" said the servant, quickly.

"Aye—and till I were with her, should be dead to all this pain and anguish."

As the unhappy girl thus spoke, she bowed her head, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. She wept like a sick child—for that her forehead. All her mental ill her strength were gone; and she was moreover racked with pain most intense.

The serving woman gazed upon her in utter astonishment. She seemed to be not only surprised, but deeply grieved a feeling of pity and interest as well.

The woman's name was Mary Van Brunt. She was between forty and fifty years of age,—a sober, industrious, clever thing, who made few friends, and who seemed to wish for but few. Mrs. Reed called her a "cross-grained old maid," and they were not supposed that they were exactly the made free with no one, but attended to her own concerns, and made others attend to theirs. She was seldom seen in smile, and was never known, by those who had dealt with her, that anything like joy or gladness. So she had been selected by Mr. Pemberton as a person to take charge of Rosalie. She seemed to dislike the young girl, and she was not one who would be strict and severe with her. She was large in frame, with a full, red face; and though not decidedly ugly looking, yet she could by no means be called pretty.

As we said before, Mary Van Brunt gazed upon the maiden with surprise, and finally ventured to take one of her hands.

"Do you feel very bad?" she asked, tenderly.

Rosalie looked up with a pitiful look in her face, and she saw a look of sympathy there. She caught it at once; instead of a drowning sign she saw a floating plank; and with a drop sob she sank forward, and pillowed her burning brow upon the attendant's shoulder.

"Oh!" she murmured, as she placed one arm around her neck, "I am sick—I am sick indeed, and I will have you—I will pray you to have me!"

"I will be your friend," said Mary, putting her arms about the form of the girl. "But tell me—don't you love Eloop Reed?"

"No, no—I hate him!"

"And doesn't ye tell him so?"

"Yes—yes—I told him—I know it very well. I have told him on a hundred times."

"Then—"

"Yes. Day before yesterday, in this very room, he came upon my knees to him, and prayed him, to let me go free! but he would not. Oh! I have told him many times!"

"Then you've told him."

"Oh! no—no! I never loved him, only as a brother—"

"Well—I hope he mayn't come back as he expected. That's all I've got to say."

The woman spoke very emphatically, and thus showed at once that she, too, had no love for Eloop. She was a true friend to the poor girl, every sympathy of her soul was awakened, and her heart was full of compassion for the suffering being who had asked for her friendship. From that moment Rosalie had one more true friend.

"But," said Mary, after she had heard Rosalie's local from her shoulder, and starting to her feet, "you mustn't stay here. You must go to bed—something—say a little piece of toast?"

"No—I can't eat, and can't go to bed, sir," the sufferer answered, trying to arise; but in vain, she was dizzy and faint.

"Well, just wait a few minutes," said Mary, "and I'll have a glass fixed for you."

As she spoke she went into the bed-room, and having taken off the bolster, pillows, and two or three blankets, she returned with them and fixed them upon a long settee which stood in the room. After doing these things, she drew the settee up before the fire and made it comfortable. Then she led Rosalie down to the settee, and made her rest easy for a few minutes she left the room.

Rosalie's heart now came a sense of thankfulness to the maiden's care. It was not a distinct emotion—it was not more thankfulness for the kindness of the woman, but it was a feeling that it was a dim, undefinable feeling, which came beside the deep gratitude which she had toward Mary Van Brunt. Perhaps the fact of Eloop's having not yet returned may have helped produce it; and so, too, the deep sickness which was upon her might had some time, and thus delay the fatal anguish.

Ere long the door was opened and Mr. Richard Pemberton entered. He saw at once that the maiden was very sick, and having spoken with her for a few moments he left, remarking as he turned away, that he would send for a doctor.

The doctor came, and when he saw the patient he pronounced her disease a severe, settled fever. He ordered that her bed should be moved to some place where she could have a fire, and that she

should be immediately placed in a state of rest and quiet. He examined her case thoroughly, and then dealt out his medicine. Mary Van Brunt was relieved from all other duty, and directed to watch with and nurse her.

The poor girl's season of trial and excitement had shattered her nervous system; and then her exposure on the night of her flight had served to sow the seeds of the fever. Intense mental suffering had hidden the disease in its incipient stages, so that it now came upon her fully developed, and with all its enervating power. * * *

Rosalie had been sick a week. She had suffered much, and was still suffering. Every day she had asked if Elroy had returned, and each time Mary told her that he had not. It was very strange—they both said so—and many were the conjectures upon the probable cause of his absence.

"He has heard of my sickness," said Rosalie, "and so remains away on business."

"I think not," returned Mary. "If it was so, then his father would know something about it, which I am sure is not the case now. Mr. Pemberton is very much concerned, and I am sure he has no idea of where Elroy is."

It was Thursday evening. The doctor had just gone, and Mary was in the kitchen preparing some gruel. While she was thus engaged she heard a rap upon the back door. She went, and found Kate Van Ruter there.

"May I not see Rose?" the girl asked, imploringly.

Mary knew that there was great love between Rosalie and Kate, and she could not refuse. She knew she was disobeying orders, but she cared not for that.

"If ye'll go up as easy as ye can, and hide if ye hear anybody coming, ye may go."

Kate readily promised all this, and was at once conducted to the chamber-door.

"Be careful and don't let her exert herself too much," the nurse whispered; and with this she opened the door and ushered the visitor in.

Rosalie looked up as she heard the door close, but the lamp burned low, and she could not see plainly.

"Is it you Mary?" she asked.

"It isn't Mary," whispered the intruder, disguising her voice, so as not to startle the invalid too suddenly.

"Who is it?"

"You won't speak loud, nor be surprised will you? It's me. It's Kate."

"Kate Van Ruter? Oh, dear, good Kate! O, God bless you! It is Kate—Kate herself—come to see me!"

It was like a ray of heavenly light in that sick chamber, the coming of one whom she had long loved, one of her own age, and one who had been as a sister to her. She drew Kate down upon the pillow by her side, and placing her cheek against her's she murmured forth her soul full of love and gratitude.

Kate told of many things that had happened; and Rosalie told of all that had happened to her.

"Have you heard from Elroy yet?" the visitor asked, when she considered the ice fairly broken.

"No," answered Rosalie, "not a word. Can you imagine where he is?"

"Well—yes—I think I can guess pretty nearly what has become of him."

"Ah," cried the invalid, with a sudden start, "you know!—you know! I can see by your look. You have come to tell me. You have, haven't you?"

"Yes, Rose, dear—I have On the evening of the day on which he left you he went to a place near Newark, and there met with a band of Tories that had been formed under his charge. Robert Pemberton and Karmel had been at work and gained information of the whole affair, and had made sure arrangements for being present at that very meeting. So they had a company of their own men near at hand, and all the Tories were captured. Elroy among the rest."

"Captured!—Robert captured him!" murmured Rose, gratefully.

"Yes—and will hold him, too. Elroy tried hard to get away, but he couldn't do it. Andrew had seen Robert and told him all. Oh! how happy Robert must have felt. Andrew said he was like a crazy man when he told him that you were to be married so soon. But he was coming on. He had made all his arrangements to come when he so fortunately found the bridegroom among the prisoners. Wasn't curious? Don't it seem almost as though God meant that it should be so?—that you should be saved in that way?"

"It does, surely," returned Rosalie. "Oh! how fortunate. They will not let him go?" she added, eagerly, and with some apprehension. "They will not let him be bought off?"

"No. General Washington has promised that he shall not be set free while there is a British army in the Jerseys. So you have nothing to fear on that score."

"Oh! I am glad of that. And Robert is safe?"

"Yes. And he is doing well, too. He is thought much of by the people, and Washington reposes the utmost confidence in him. He is a noble young man, and I am sure you have reason to be proud of his love. I'm very sure I should."

"I do feel proud of it, Kate. I do feel proud, for I know he is worthy of any woman's love. But how is Clara?"

"Andrew tells me a plan has been made for her escape. I have just come from there. I carried her a letter from Robert. I could not stop to hear what was in it, for Mrs. Reed would not leave us for a moment. I hope she will be free."

And so did Rosalie hope so. The two conversed a while longer; and might have kept it up quite late, had not Mary come up and interrupted them. Kate arose to leave, but she promised to call again.

"My—you look better," exclaimed the nurse, after Kate had gone.

"And I am better, Mary," the invalid replied joyfully. "Oh! I have had some medicine tonight that reached the right spot. It has driven off the heaviest load that lay upon my soul. Elroy is a prisoner in the Patriot camp, and will be held until the British leave Jersey!"

Mary Van Brunt was really happy to hear this, and she expressed her satisfaction plainly.

And from that hour Rosalie began to improve. The heaviest weight was taken from her heart, and when her mind was free the body began to mend. She had one season of sorrow, but it was a short one. It only lasted while the impulse of a vain regret was upon her:

On Saturday evening, as she lay, or rather sat, with her back supported by pillows, Kate Van Ruter came again. She came to inform Rosalie that both she and Andrew were going to leave the town. She explained the plan for the rescue of Clara, and said that of course they could not remain after that was done.

Rosalie began to weep.

"Don't do so, Rose," the visitor urged. "You know it is for the good of all——"

"Stop, Kate; oh, do not misunderstand me. I know it is for your good. But I was wishing that I could go, too. You will go and be with Robert."

"And at some time you shall be the same. But you will send some word."

Yes—Rose had a word to send—a word of love—and she bade Kate to deliver it faithfully.

The busy girl could not stop long, for she had much on her hands; so she received her message, and having held the invalid to her bosom for some moments, she imprinted a warm kiss upon her lips, and then turned away.

For a while after Kate was gone Rosalie felt very sad and down-hearted; but she at length overcame it; and when, on the next day, she learned that the party had got safely off, she was thankful and glad.

Sir Arthur and Mr. Pemberton were very nervous and uneasy. The latter had written to Washington, and informed him that he could have any Rebel prisoner below the grade of a major, he would name, in return for Elroy; and Washington had replied that on no account would he release, either by exchange or otherwise, any American who had been taken in the act of inciting American subjects to join in the war against their country.

"Well," said Sir Arthur, after the reply of the American commander had been duly considered, "we can keep the girl until Spring, and then I think Elroy will be released. At any rate I do not think they will keep him after the King's troops have left the Jerseys."

"That must be so," returned Pemberton. "It is hard, but I suppose we must make the best of it. The wedding will be just as good six months from now."

"Just exactly, only Rosalie must be watched. However, we can do that easy enough. Oh! why were not those two Rebels hung while we had them in our power?"

This was a regret which dwelt in the baronet's mind continually. He thought of the youth who had gained his daughter's heart, and he wished that he was dead. And he thought, too, of the old scout. But, while he mentioned Robert's name freely in his anger, he kept the name of Karmel to himself. There was something in his memory of that old man which was deeper than fear, and more terrible than physical danger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BAFFLED FOR THE WHILE.

During that long, hard winter, the British suffered more than they were willing to own. Washington's position afforded him many opportunities to harrass and annoy them, and many sources from whence they had expected forage and provisions, were cut off. The recovery of the Jerseys from a powerful army, and that, too, by a force already regarded as defeated, was looked upon, not only in this country but throughout Europe, as one of the most brilliant achievements of any war. Washington never displayed his clear, calm, far-reaching wisdom and sagacity more than he did during that winter passed in New Jersey. Not only did he escape most of the evil aimed at him by his enemy, but many bands of Tories were effectually broken up.

In all that region, there were no two men who did more service for the cause of Liberty than did Robert Pemberton and Karmel, the scout. In fact, there were none others who did as much as they did. The greatest evil apprehended and feared by the American commander, was the rising of the Tories. The British army, with its center at New Brunswick, was a tangible affair; and Washington knew just how to watch it. And all through that hard season, the British suffered the most. But with regard to the Tories, the case was different.

These traitors arose on all hands, like snakes from the tall grass of a swamp, and their existence was likely to remain a secret until they were ready to bite. They were men who had associated with the Patriots, who had heard their plans talked over, and who knew where Rebel stores were concealed. Hence they were doubly dangerous—as they not only counted each a man for the enemy, but they carried with them intelligence of American affairs which even British spies could not gain.

Robert and Karmel managed to get upon the track of these fellows, and in most cases they either took them prisoners, or effectually broke them up. They had secret assistance, through which they gained much information, that could never have been obtained by open means. Through all the country they were known as "THE TORY TRAPPERS," and surely the appellation was not inappropriate. By the Patriots they were beloved and honored, while by the British they were feared and hated. And by the latter a heavy price was set upon their heads. But it availed them nothing. Every Patriot's house was a place of refuge for the Tory Trappers, and every Patriot was a friend and a protector.

The winter passed away, and in the spring the two armies began to move. General Washington waited to observe the inclination of the enemy before he moved. Once, about the middle of June, Howe supposed he had set a trap in which he would take the whole American army; but Washington outwitted him, and at length, on the 30th of the same month, the enemy removed to Staten Island. New Brunswick was once more free from British troops, and the town gradually assumed its wonted appearance. The people once more breathed freely, and those patriots who had been forced to leave their homes during the presence of the invaders now returned. Many of them came back only to find their property all confiscated, their houses ruined, and their neighbors unable to assist them. But they had the true Yankee energy to bear them up, and under its influence their shops, their gardens, and their fields soon began to yield the means of support.

Rosalie Lincoln had been removed to her father's residence; and here she had recovered from her sickness; and there she had once more the friendship of good Aunt Patience. She saw little of her father, and when she did see him he had no word of kindness for her, and no smile ever beamed upon her from his hard, cold face. He still assured her that she should marry with the man he had chosen, and she well knew that nothing could move him from his purpose.

Andrew Van Ruter and his sister returned as soon as the British had left: and though they found their house rather the worse for the use to which the enemy had put it, and much of their furniture either broken or missing, yet the secret repository in the cellar had not been discovered, and thus their most valuable articles were safe. Eugene had made Andrew keep the two horses which had been taken from Lyndarm's stable; and as they were very valuable ones they sold for more than double the value of all that had been lost.

One bright morning the neighbors heard the "tink, tink, tink," of Andrew's hammer; and as the well-remembered music fell upon their ears they realized more than ever that the old times had returned, and that the enemy were gone.

The Summer-time had come ere Washington left the Jerseys, and it was not until July that Elroy Pemberton was released from his imprisonment. He took a solemn oath that he would never again take up arms against the Patriot cause, nor render aid and comfort to the enemy; and then he was allowed to depart.

* * * * *

Rosalie sat in the little chamber where her mother had died. She would sit there, for the memory of the mild and gentle spirit that once pervaded it, and which seemed to pervade it still, had a soothing influence upon her. Had her life been bright and joyous, and all her hopes clothed with the cheering garb of faith, she might have shunned that chamber as one of gloom; but it was not so now. This world was dark to her, and she only found consolation in thinking of the next. She knew that Elroy Pemberton would soon return; and then she must pass the fatal ordeal! Where was the source of hope? What power of earth should overcome the stern, inflexible will of her father? Alas! she could think of none!

It was in the afternoon as she sat there, and the birds were singing to her from the great linden trees. She was watching a golden robin, that had hung its quaint nest from one of the slender twigs high up above the window, when the sound of footsteps upon the side-walk arrested her attention. She gazed down, and she saw a tall, well-dressed man approaching the house. Her breast gave a fearful bound, and then sank within her. It was Elroy Pemberton!

She hoped that she should not be called down; but the hope was vain. In half an hour Patience came to her door and told her that her father wanted her in the parlor. She waited only long enough to gain what of self-control she could command, and then went down.

It was a severe task, to go into that room; and she hesitated some moments at the door to still the tumultuous beating of her heart. But finally she entered. She saw the man upon whom her joy was to be wrecked, and at first the room seemed to be unsteady, and the various articles about her to be swimming in circles. She overcame all this with a strong effort, and was in time to extend her hand as Elroy arose to take it.

"My dear Rosalie," the young man said, "you are looking very well; and I must say that the sight of you almost makes up for the long season of suffering I have endured."

"Aye," added Sir Arthur, bitterly. "And suffered at the hands of a near relative—at the hands of one who hoped thereby to prevent the marriage we had planned. Do you think you could ever again look upon that villain without feeling for him the detestation he so richly merits?"

"Did you understand what I said, Rosalie?" the baronet asked, after he had waited some moments for an answer.

"Was your question directed to me?" returned the maiden, trembling at every joint.

"Of course it was. Did you not hear it?"

"Not plainly, sir."

"I remarked that all the suffering Elroy had endured had been put upon him by a near relative, and by one who hoped thus to prevent the marriage we had planned. And I asked you if you could ever look upon him again save with that feeling of detestation which he so richly merits. Now you understand me."

And still the poor girl did not answer. She gazed down upon the floor, and her frame trembled violently.

"I *wish* you would answer me!" whispered her father.

The peculiar emphasis of the remark startled the girl, and she quickly said,—

"You have no right to ask me such a question, sir. You know my feelings, and you know that if I answser at all I must either speak falsely, or deeply offend you."

"Aha!—you haven't got over your folly, then?"

"What folly, sir?"

"Of imagining that you love that young Rebel."

There was a low, brutal irony in the tone and manner of this speech that proved the "last ounce upon the camel's back." Rosalie had borne enough already. They knew her feelings, and all this could only be to trifle with them. She had contained herself until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and she did so no longer.

"You speak of Robert Pemberton, sir," she said, with a flashing eye and a quivering lip. "You know I love him—you know I love him as I hate his enemies! If he has done injury to any man he did it to prevent a greater injury to one whom he loved, and who was powerless to help herself!"

"Elroy Pemberton!" cried the mad baronet, starting to his feet, and fairly foaming with rage, "are you the man to take a decided step?"

"I trust so, sir," the youth replied, in amazement.

"Then we'll put a stop to this work at once! We know not what plots these accursed Rebels may have hatched up! The certificates are all drawn up, and duly sealed and acknowledged: *you shall be this girl's husband ere you leave this room!*"

As the mad man thus spoke, he strode to the bell-cord and pulled it violently. Patience quickly answered the summons.

"Send Thomas here!" he ordered, imperiously.

The old house-keeper looked upon Rosalie, and when she saw how deathly pale she was, and how she seemed to press her hand upon her heart as though she was faint, she could not resist the impulse to hurry to her side.

"Did you hear me?" thundered Lincoln.

The old woman started up in affright.

"What—what—a—are ye goin' to do with the dear young girl?" she uttered, forgetting all fear for self in her fear for Rose. "Oh! ye shan't hurt her!"

"Fool! idiot!—we are not going to hurt her! Go and send Thomas here immediately!"

Aunt Patience dared not hesitate longer. She went out; and in a few moments the man-servant came in.

"Thomas," spoke the master, "go over to 'Squire Parker's, and tell him his attendance is required here at once."

"Y-e-s, sir," returned Thomas, in a bewildered manner. "Shall I wait for it, sir?"

"Wait for what?"

"What ye said ye wanted, sir."

"Dolt! I want the 'squire to come over himself!"

"Oh!—y-e-s."

"Now go at once!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

The unlettered serving-man left the apartment, and after he was gone the baronet commenced pacing to and fro across the floor.

"I'll see how much longer this can last!" he muttered, half to himself, but meant for his child's ears. "It has grown enough! We've had just about as much of open, defiant rebellion as is comfortable!"

And so he kept on muttering, at times stopping and gazing upon Rosalie, and then moving on. At length there came a knock at the outer door, and in a few moments more the justice was ushered into the room.

Abraham Parker, Esquire, was a tall, slim, hard-visaged man, and it required but a single look at his face to assure the beholder that he would do anything for money.

The usual salutations were passed; and then the baronet said:

"I believe, sir, I have the authority to answer for my child?"

"You have, sir," replied the justice, obsequiously.

"Even in a marriage ceremony?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"Then we will have this ceremony performed as quickly as possible."

"You have the necessary documents, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. They were drawn up over six months ago."

"Ah—well. Then we may proceed as quickly as you please."

"It must be at once, sir!" Sir Arthur said, emphatically. "Elroy, you will take her hand at once. She will not refuse you. *I don't think she will!*"

Let us look back just one minute:

At the moment when the justice answered Lincoln's second question Rosalie was gazing vacantly at the window. She saw a dark form pass, and as she concentrated her sight she was sure she recognized Robert Pemberton! He turned his face toward her, but seemed not to be able to see any thing through the glass. For a single instant her strength left her, and she sank back in her seat. Both Elroy and the baronet saw the emotion, but they little dreamed what caused it.

It was through the front window she had seen her lover, and he was passing up the street towards the residence of Van Ruter. The parlor was a corner room, and the end windows looked the same way Robert had gone. Rosalie looked in that direction, and saw him upon the sidewalk. He had stopped and turned, and was gazing towards the house as though he were debating whether to come back and call. Once he turned and moved on a single step, and then hesitated again.

It was a wild, thrilling thought which flashed upon the maiden's mind at that moment. But it came—and it was the only earthly hope. It was a moment of life or death with her. Aye—of life or a state to which death would be far preferable.

"She will not refuse you. *I don't think she will!*" said Lincoln.

Elroy arose and moved towards the golden prize. She saw him coming, and she started to her feet. She cast one look into his hard, cold eye—she saw the icy gleam that shot forth from it—and then she turned towards the window. It was open, and beneath it was a narrow passage-way leading from the back-door to the road. With one wild thrill of fear and of hope combined she made the leap! She reached the passage in safety—and to the road was but a single bound.

"Robert! Robert!"

Captain Pemberton heard his name pronounced, and he turned,—and in a few seconds more Rosalie was upon his bosom.

"Save me! save me! Oh! the man is there to marry me! Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me! Oh! don't!"

"Get thee, dearest?" cried Robert, gazing into her upturned features. "You have not enemies enough in this town to take you from me!"

For a few moments after Rosalie had gone the three men stood like fools. They did not think, however, that she could escape; and as they had not thought to look up the road to see if any one was there, they supposed this movement to be only the result of a frantic idea of running away. But they did not hesitate long. As soon as Elroy and Sir Arthur had fairly recovered their senses they hastened to the hall, seized their hats, and rushed from the house. They were just in season to see Rosalie and Robert start to walk off.

"They are coming!" cried the frightened girl, clinging to her lover's arm.

"Fear not," he replied. "They shall not take you from me. To-morrow Karmel will be here—and perhaps to-night—and he assured me he can save you."

By this time Elroy had come up near, and the baronet was close behind him.

"Stop!" cried the former, in a gasping tone.

"What would you?" our hero demanded, facing about and placing Rosalie behind him.

"What would I? By the heavens above me, I'll let you know if you don't give up that girl!"

"O—not quite so fast, my dear sir," returned the young captain, calmly, but with a very peculiar kind of calmness. "I know you of old. Did you think I would allow you to run at large here long without being here myself to overlook you? But I must say, I did not think operations would be commenced quite so quickly."

"You didn't, eh?" exclaimed Lincoln, coming up at that moment. "You will give me up my daughter, sir!"

"This girl has asked for my protection, sir," said Robert, "and she shall have it. The first man of you who touches her will pass over my body!"

"Are you afraid of him, Elroy?" asked the baronet, as the former stood back.

This served to spur Elroy up, and he made a spring for his cousin; but on the next moment he lay full length upon the ground from a blow upon the breast.

"Back, sir!" the young Rebel shouted, as Lincoln advanced. "I would not touch you. Do not come any nearer, I implore you, sir. You might strike me in welcome, so you did not take this precious charge from me."

"How?—not take my own child? Are you a fool? Do you suppose you will kidnap my child before my very eyes, sir?"

"Hold, Sir Arthur. When you would place your foot upon a child, and crush her down to earth—when you would deliberately break her very heart, and drive her mad with anguish and shame—then you have no more right to control her! You need not——"

Robert stopped here, for Elroy had arisen, and was making another spring—this time with wondrous fury. But it amounted to little. He was but a child in his iron cousin's hands. He was large in frame, but he lacked Robert's muscle; and, more still, he lacked Robert's dauntless courage and coolness under trial. Once more he measured his length upon the earth, and then Robert turned again to the baronet.

"Now, sir," he cried, "I am loaded with all I can bear. Do not force me further, for I would not hurt you!"

Sir Arthur gazed a moment upon the sinewy frame of the youth, and then moved back a pace. He had two reasons for doing this. He did not wish to test the Rebel's physical power, nor did he wish to be seen in such a work in the public highway.

"Go—go," he uttered. "Go both of you. You will hear from me before long! You will hear from me, I say? I'll make you—I'll—I'll—find out who has the power here! Oh! by the Being that made me, I swear that you shall——"

So utterly overcome by absolute madness was the man that he lost his power of articulation. He had grown more and more angry as he proceeded, until he fairly boiled over and drowned his speech; and without another word he turned away. Elroy had arisen, and, with a black eye, and a limping gait, he proceeded to follow.

"You shall die for this!" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. "You shall know who can be struck with impunity, sir!"

"I know who is a villiain, now, Master Elroy!" was Robert's response. "Perhaps you would like for the world to know how you were about to obtain a wife. If you wish to take my life, you had better go home and dream about the gallows first!"

"Come Elroy," cried the baronet, turning. "We will quickly find those whom he will not dare to resist. Let us have no brawl in the public street."

"Will he kill you?" asked Rosalie, eagerly.

"Not while men can be hung for murder," returned Robert, smiling. "He is too great a coward for that. But come: We will go to Andrew Van Ruter's; and there plan for the events to come. I know he will have the civil officers after us; but—— Ha! there is Karmel, now—just riding up to Andrew's gate! Oh! there's a new hope for us, I am sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LOVE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my love, good-night,
May soft repose thy couch attend;
May fairy beings hover there,
When midnight's holy hour is near,
With thy sweet spirit blend.

Good-night, my love, good-night!
The stars shall watch thee as they shine!
And if thy happy soul should roam
During its visions, may it come
And satay while with mine!

MOTHER'S BABY.

What are *all* our lives but sweet and mournful poems of the solemn Angel, Time? Sweet with the sunshine of hope, the fragrance and beauty of love. Mournful, with the every-day ills, the thousand little hopes, and the heavier storms of sorrow, that darken the calmest fate. Time is a mighty and wonderful poet, chanting his songs amid the rolling anthems of the spheres, and the ever varying tones of chance, and change. Born of an inspiration of God, some are glorious and will never die; traced in characters of living fire, on tablets of jacinth and beryl, on the everlasting hills. Some are woven of flowers in the green vallies of humanity; some are chanted at the world's gate, in jar and jostle; some are breathed no louder than the holy breath of 'Mother,'—and some, alas! are written in the sand.

That pretty one asleep—blue eyes, waxen-lidded, sealed from mother's smile; tiny hands, laid softly together in a white eternal peace; dainty cheek, dimpled for the last time with mother's passionate kiss; amber locks combed smooth away from the sweet baby-face—sublime in its shadowless calm—that little life was a pleasant snatch of song, learned by mother's heart among the psalms of the morning, and lost in the noises of the day. Lost, oh, never! Down in the solemn sanctuary, in the royal temple of that mother's soul, the melody lives on. Ah! her ear may be heavy yet, with the rattle of the grave-clay on the small dark coffin-lid—her lips numb with the last chill kiss—her eye dim with straining to catch, through the mists of the valley of shadow, a gleam of the golden gates where her baby went in—but the love lives on! The mother is true to her heart, and to the memory of the deep seraphic joy that budded with the being of that little one asleep. Even though, in after years, when the innocent smile shut down in the coffin shall have burst into blossom, covering the wee, green grave-roof with a beautiful type of the "resurrection and the life," she kneels among the lilies, and thanks Him who hath said, "suffer little children to come unto me."

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

HOW LONG AGO!

"How long ago was it?" asked an eager youth of an old man who was relating an exciting adventure. "Oh, a long while," answered his companion; "long enough for young men to grow old, and for old men to wither and rot. Some twenty years ago or more. Lack-a-day, how few twenties there are in life! Twenty and twenty are forty, and twenty are sixty; how few see the fourth twenty! Who sees the fifth? The first begins in the infant with a passion for milk—all mouth and no wit—and ends in the youth with a love of sweet ankles and cherry lips; all heart and no brains. The second starts on his course like a swallow catching insects, and ends like a slough-hound upon the track of a deer; ambition flies before and distances him still. Then begins another twenty, with the hard brain and the hard heart; your man of manifold experiences, who finds no pleasure in pippins, and is mailed against the dart of a dark eye. He must have solid goods, forsooth, and so chooses gold, which will not decay; but, good faith! it matters little whether it be the possession which decays, or the possessor,—whether the gilded coin rots, or the fingers that clutch it; the two part company all the same. Then comes the fourth twenty, often begun and seldom ended; and we go creeping backward, as if we would fain run away from the other end of life; toys please us, straws offend us: we stumble at the same mole-hills that tripped up our infancy. Time rubs off from the score of memory what experience had written; and when the sorrowful, soft gums have eaten their second pap, death takes us sleepy up, and puts us quietly to bed. It was twenty years ago, good youth,—ay, that it was,—and twenty years is one of those strange jumps that are more wisely taken backwards than forwards."

LOVERS' SORROWS.

Of the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life, there are none that touch one so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made us think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

IN the family and in the world be what your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you: forbearing, generous, just, the intrepid defender of others' rights—the uniform observer of your own duties—the master of yourself, the servant of all.

INTEGRITY.—A mind that is conscious of its integrity, scorns to say more than it means to perform.

CROWNED!

BY MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Yes, regal proud! with a stern love,
Ere the cycle of time began!
And sceptered! with the gorgeous praise
Of a glorious predi-man!

Oh, regal! in the years gone by,
A desolate thing I grew;
Living my heart, by silence,
For the original kin of dew.

I read for love, as a child, for help
As a girl, for the light of truth;
Li'ary and learned, and beautiful gift,
Like a lily ever full of ruin!

And the conversation—oh believed
To the full of thy profound sense!
Clarke swimming, from my happy heart,
Like a cricket in my dress.

And for thy sake the pleasure more,
That reached my rose from down,
Hath quickened into the blush that shines
In the sunbeam's broke crown.

Oh, come! when the beautiful flowers awake
From their long, long winter dreams,
When the wings to the budding world keep time
To the music of every stream;

When the emulous from from the beautiful Earth,
Like the crystal river of Love,
And the cares of heaven are poised away,
By the pleasure of the sun!

And in the palace that owns an queen,
Where the will reigns rim and free,
Of songs—in the heat of my spirit-wings—
I will crown thee King of all!

THE REFUGEES:

AN INDIAN TALE OF 1812.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of the "Prairie Flower," "Artist's Bride," "Clara Moreland," and other Works.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by EDWARD ROBERTS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—NEW COURSE.

The new-comers, mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, were three in number, two being white men, in the uniform of a British officer of high rank, and the third a distinguished Indian chief. The former of the white men was an old man, whom hair was the hue of the driven snow, and who might have been supposed venerable except for a small, black, malignant eye, which, with a cold, but historic forehead, and a countenance altogether cold, harsh, and sinister. His companion was tall, finely-formed man, with regular and even handsome features, though lacking the dignity of an honest man, or the force of character of a great one. But the most remarkable of the three was the chief. Taller than either of the others by several inches—of a commanding form—a high, noble bearing—a head, face, and eye that might equalize none, and a beautifully formed mouth and chin—he possessed a countenance highly intellectual, dignified, and full of character—he was an individual to arrest attention and inspire the respect which is ever accorded to true natural greatness. Though of clear Indian blood, with high cheek-bones, black hair and complexion alike—bred in their exercise, dressing in their mode, and believing in their faith—he was a splendid look of dignity, humanity and intelligence, which raised him above and beyond all others of his race, and cast even his white companions far back in the shade.

We have said that the two white men were the uniform of British officers of high rank. The first mentioned, the old white-haired man, was clothed in a somewhat showy style, dressed in the worn and impaired costume of a British colonel; his younger and more handsome companion, was apparelled in the glittering trappings of a British general; and the chief, though he wore an elegant broad-sword at his side, was clothed in moccasins, in a finely dressed deer-skin hunting-frock, with leggins and breech-cloth of the same, and without any extraneous ornaments, or even the disfigurement of paint.

Not to make a mystery of a most natural occurrence, we will briefly state, that a British sloop-of-war, on its way from the Detroit river to the Canadian coast, for the purpose of reconnoitering and laying the plans for a contemplated campaign, and having on board those officers with their suite, and a small force of soldiers and Indians, had been discovered by an Indian scout on the island, and the fact communicated to the party on the hill, who had immediately sent off a canoe to ascertain if they were friend or foe. On finding it to be the former, the fact had been signified to those on shore, and replied to by them, as the reader will remember, by a waving of feather wands; and then communications having been interchanged, the vessel had been to, and the distinguished parties under notice been landed from a boat, which was still waiting to take them back.

And these parties were as follows—for each has a name in history—two being Indians, and the third Immortal as the greatest of his race. The old man with white hair, sinister aspect, and shrivelly dress, was the old-blooded, British Indian agent, Colonel Elliot, whose infamous memory is indeed worthy handsomer companion and superior officer, was the almost equally infamous Colonel Proctor, of Malden notoriety, recently promoted; while the third, superior to both in noble nobleness of soul and grasp of intellect which constitute true greatness, was a no less personage than the celebrated Indian chief Tecumseh, who commanded the whole of the allied Indian forces, and, by virtue of an English commission, was a brigadier-general in the British service.

With all due deference to the high rank of their distinguished guests, the Indians who had escorted them hither, formed themselves into a large circle around the open space, and remained in a most respectful silence; while Proctor and Elliot, confronting the prisoners, put the question direct as to who they were, and where they were from, and so forth, and so on.

To all their questions Aunt Esther replied in her own peculiar way, and then begged of them, as white men of rank and power, to take herself and friends from the hands of her more barbarous companion, even though they should be held as prisoners of war by the British.

At Aunt Esther's open-side volunteer in her remarks, Elliot turned away with an oath of vexation, and entered into conversation with the leader of the party who had captured her; but Proctor heard her through, though with some impatience, and then replied:

"There, my good woman, that will do—we will see what can be done for you."

"Ef you know your most noble excellency's honor!" rejoined the poor woman, greatly excited at the hope of escape. "Dear me! dear me! if we can only get away from here, and get home to Connecticut where we belong, and where we used to live, and where we were all well off, and all them kind of things, we'll never trouble this part of the country again, I'll be bound, that's a fact."

"Is this but a natural-born idiot?" inquired the general, turning to Peleg, who still sat by the fire, holding out his hands, with a most stupid, silly expression upon his undignified countenance, and who seemed to take little or no notice of what was going on around them.

"Well, he never did know a great deal," replied Aunt Esther; "and the little he did know was knocked all into flinders when the Ir'ans come and took us. But there boy, your name is his excellency's honor, was just scared almost into fits, and you can see how it's left him."

"I see," said Proctor, turning away and calling Elliott aside.

The two officers consulted together for a couple of minutes, within hearing of Peter, while Tecumseh remained apart, with folded arms, glancing around him with a stern look of dignity.

"You say you'll pursue Proctor, in reply to some remarks of Elliot, "but those Indians have been up on the Maumee, and that they report the route clear to Fort Meigs."

"Such is the opinion of Okaqua here, General;" "Then let what will of the force-bearers, with three or four, who will be sufficient to carry home their captives, and then down to the mouth of the Maumee, where you and Tecumseh can resume the command of your respective detachments, and chance make a quick march up the river. If you can surprise General Winchester before General Harrison thinks of moving his main army forward, you will have an easy victory; and as we now have Detroit, we only need to get possession of Forts Defiance and Wayne to be able to hold the whole Northwest in spite of all the Yankee forces they can bring against us. Come, let us be moving! for we only waste time here. Tell one word!" added Proctor, as Elliot was turning away: "do you think we ought to liberate these prisoners, and take them with us to Detroit, or to Malden?"

"By no means, General!" replied the old, white-haired renegade: "do not think of such a thing! In fact, there is but one way you can liberate them without offending the savages, and that is to leave them with them; and as several Indians have been killed by these same people, you will have no difficulty in their custody. Besides, the old woman is a regular Yankee, and would be a perfect nuisance to us. Leave her with the rest, and she will be taken care of."

"Very good—very good!" replied Proctor, "and now tell him to make his selection with despatch, and leave his orders, and that he is not to waste time, as we must hasten to get aboard the Chippewa—for we have no time to lose, as the fate of nations may depend on important information.

As this conversation occurred within hearing of the daring scout, who still kept his post of danger, and fairly held his breath to listen, we must leave the reader to imagine his emotions on hearing the saying that only three of his hated foes would be left to guard the prisoners, whom he considered as considered as good as released and delivered from captivity.

"Only three of the infernal varmints to be left behind Fodders?" he chuckled; "and of them that ain't my most active enemy, the one who struck the tuk blood ain't he."

Tecumseh now stepped forward, and addressed a few words to the Indians in their native tongue; and then he and Elliot and Proctor moved off together—Aunt Esther calling to them as they were departing, but getting no other response than a blow across the shoulders from an Indian who was near her.

Immediately after the departure of their distinguished guests, the Indians ran together and scouted to hold a hurried consultation; and then a colloquial whoop, all suddenly disappeared but three, who at once proceeded to bind the women, hands and feet, with strong thongs of deerskin. Aunt Esther's sary resistance; but Carrie uttered a cry of alarm, as she caught a glimpse of Peter's head above the scout's arms; and for this she received a blow that knocked her senseless, and apparently lifeless. Having scarcely bound the females, and placed them side by side on the ground, half dead with fear, the three savages proceeded to bind Peter, but still sat at the fire (which had partly gone down) in the same stupid attitude in which he had been described. What they said about him is not known, for they conversed in their own language, but, in the best of Peter's judgment, who closely scanned every movement and gesture, they discussed the propriety of killing him rounds in front of the fire, was the subject of debate, they evidently came to the conclusion that it was best to let him live; and turned to the fire, threw on some more fuel, and proceeded to dress the corn meal for their meal, while the two others separated and disappeared in different directions, as Peter believed for the purpose of scouting and watching.

The sounds which the listening scout now heard were the whole of those which met his ear. The savages were in motion; and as he believed that all his enemies were on board but three, he entertained no great fear that it was with difficulty he could resist the impulse to give vent to his feelings in a wild yell.

A few minutes after this, as the Indian stood at the fire, with his back to Peter, he left it, and advanced, and stretched himself, as one who had just awakened from a sleep, directly in front of him, at the savage, for perhaps a minute, with a simple, idiotic look; he began to stumble about, in a listless, lazy, unconcerned manner, and apparently with no motive in view whatever. In this way he gradually approached the scout, till he got near enough to converse it in low whisper.

"Tom-head," whispered he, "you done it well, and of you just keep on, you'll soon be a free Indian. We've got the skunks now—for I wouldn't be afraid to pick into them of 'em myself. But hey look, hey, and keep your eye open for the chances. If they gone to sleep, you just try and work it over to get hold of their muskets easy—but if you don't do it easy, don't try it at all—for of they gits suspicion as you're not what the squire as you've all right, and all gits well in end, up as sigh the bushes that as he can without making any noise, and I'll come round to him when I sees a good chance. But tom-head, don't do nothing very particular yourself, but only just keep yourself ready to do what I tells ye when the time comes to pitch in. Be all on hand to keep still and sight, and keeps wide awake, it's like you'll have more than all sight morning's work of they goes to put out in their canoes, just you give us one of your——" he yelled, to let me know in case I ain't here, for it's like I'll swing back soon to tell younker how things is, for fear he'll think I'm to some other part."

"I'll do it, I swear to gosh, I will!" returned Peter, in the same low tone of voice, and though these are darned old Injins, what'll soon find I still wants a hand big fist and I kick, that's a fact."

After some further conversation, Peleg sauntered away, stopping here and there in the same manner as he had done before, so that no one might take any notice of having a preference for one place more than another. Then by degrees he drew near Mr. Stanforth, and finally dropped down on the earth within a couple of feet of him, clasped his hands around his knees, rocked to and fro for a few minutes, trilling a kind of lullaby tune, and then, stretching out on the ground and turning over, he appeared to go to sleep.

In the course of an hour the two scouting savages returned; and it was evident from their manner that they had discovered nothing to excite new apprehensions; though it was equally evident that they were not forgotten how matters stood. The prisoner had been taken from them—and to mention the loss of the warrior in charge of it—and they were evidently making his absence a matter one or more, to be still at large, they did not feel quite secure about where they were.

Whether it was the original intention of the party to have left a guard over night of one, or whether or had they taken their fill of the musk, which the one had made during the absence of the others, we have no means to know; but such was the malicious manner, as if something were working upon their fiendish natures, which, with their deadly weapons, they finally made a cautious venture into the forest, and occupied the whole remaining angle of the open space as often mentioned; and on coming out they held a consultation as to whether it was best to separate or remain in their gestures—they should place their prisoners in three or four separate canoes that were lying on the beach, or at once set off in their canoes for the Canadian shore. The latter course was finally decided on by block-house, and the others of departing to the Canadian shore at night. But another scheme brought to a close by the minority yielding to the majority.

The river had any doubts as to the nature of the consultation, he now had no doubt that the savages were going to kill the prisoners forthwith, for he at once set to work with their knives and cut the thongs with which he had bound the latter at the fire-place, and made them get upon their feet, and, Stanforth among the rest, and then proceeded to bind them over again, but in a manner not noticed without the rest. In this last proceeding they did not bind their hands behind them, but in front, and fastened, and fearful the scout had gone back to his station at the fire, and was sitting there, smoking with the peculiar yell which had been agreed upon between him and Peter as the signal of departure.

Having bound the prisoners in readiness for a repeat, for one of the Indians at once covered his fire-place, and then he and the other two Indians paced and forced in a gag which compelled him to give time to them to get out, and commence their silence through fear of even a more brutal treatment, some specimens of which they had already received.

"Ay, ay, tom-head," muttered Peleg to himself, as he heard the savages depart in their canoes, "I beam you 'a'nking nigher nor mayhaps you thinks, now then." He actually pursued, as he spoke, unloosened his knife and tomahawk, "here's for a fight—that's got life and death in it. That's got to be blood drawn from the heart, and not from an injinee, or both, the Lord be knows. If the enemies of my country and me master, then I'm expected they mought do, if 'ad been easy work—but it's all right now, and I'm ready for the fight, and just gin me time to gone to younker and back, and then he will think and know how my things is, I've just got to pitch in alone. Well, well, there's no use o' talking—fight's the word—and of they don't have with them more than six, then I'll get her and—"

"Here's what'll go, too, for life and death, blood and fight," interrupted Peter, as he drew his knife, and fully withdrew from his place of concealment, and knelt down at the open space in the hill, instead of being able to find the canoes before the others should reach the point of embarkation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISGUISED.

Peter hurried down to the water on the western side of the island, put guarded every step and movement so as not to make a sound which could be heard by the savages in the canoes in the eastern direction. On reaching the water, Peter pushed out his head and looked to the right, keeping a sharp look-out for the canoes. Passing the point where the savages had landed, he saw the hill loomed gliding among the trees and through the thickets as only an old experienced woodsman can, and, having reached the point of the bank fronting the encampment, but the Indians should reach their canoes the while they were in their power, they could get to them—for though they had started in perfectly friendly manner, and with the best of sight be on the eastern side of the island, or that opposite to where he now was.

But scarcely had he made this discovery, when the rustling among the bushes, at no great distance, assured him that both friends and foes were near at hand, and that he was in the greatest danger of his daring attempt. His plan of action must be quickly formed and as quickly and terribly executed. His first idea was to push the canoes into the water, send them off from the shore, and then cut off the means of escape for his enemies; but a single moment's reflection showed him that this might not be done without giving them warning and putting them upon their guard—for, to say nothing of the noise he must necessarily make in doing so, they were already so near that in all probability they would be upon him before his purpose could be accomplished. His next idea, and the one which he instantly acted upon, was to secrete himself in a near thicket and watch his opportunity for making a successful attack; and scarcely was he fairly in the thicket, with the knife and tomahawk grasped in his hands, ready for use, when the whole party came forward in a body upon a small, and nearly point, which, like the beach on the southern side of the island, so often alluded to, was not beyond the line of vegetation.

The Indians now set to work with a dispatch that showed they were excited by some secret fear; for scarcely had the party halted, when one of the three who had been left to watch the fire-place, or the other prisoners; and then the other savages, springing upon him, threw him heavily down upon the earth. He fell upon his wounded and broken arm, involuntarily uttered a terrible shriek, and fainted from cramps of pain, while involuntary exclamations of sympathy and terror escaped from the lips of the females. At the sound of the shriek the savages dealt each of the females a heavy blow, as a warning to be more guarded in future; and then two of them, without the least show of feeling, began to bind the feet of their new human captive, while the third turned his whole attention and strength upon the canoes, which he began to push out into the water.

The blood of Peter, who was watching every movement from his concealment, now boiled with rage and a desire for revenge upon, and triumph over, his fiendish foes; and believing the best one he could have for him to act, he firmly grasped his knife in his left hand, and tomahawk with his right, and prepared himself for a sudden and fatal spring, fully trembling with his eager contention as to which one he should first hurl to the earth, and then, with the quickness of a tiger, leap upon his prey.

The two who had bound the legs of Mr. Stanforth, the Indians had dropped down on their knees and had their heads close to the ground, and were as busy as no better time and position for his purpose could ever reasonably be hoped for, Peter no longer hesitated, but, with a bound forward, with one single and a desire for revenge upon, and triumph over, his fiendish foes; and believing the best one he could have for him to act, he firmly grasped his knife in his left hand, and tomahawk with his right, and prepared himself for a sudden and fatal spring, fully trembling with his eager contention as to which one he should first hurl to the earth, and then, with the quickness of a tiger, leap upon his prey.

Catching up one of the muskets, he turned to the third, and, before he had time to recover from his astonishment, and take any action, he had laid the contents fairly in his breast. All this was the work of a moment.

"Whoop! you——devils!" shouted Peter; "I'll have a fair fighting chance now!" and he rushed upon the two who were very scarcely fastened to the ground, and, striking himself free; and seizing the back of the second Indian toward him, he made the same plunge between his shoulders, and laid the foot down under him, so that he fell backward upon the back of the savage, and rolled over upon the ground; and before he could rise, Peleg had got possession of the musket of the third Indian; and the latter, who had suggested to his fiet, beginning to feel weak from the effects of the knife-wound, the first one had received the musket ball in his breast, and discharged it, blowing out his brains and killing him on the spot.

This was the turning point of the fight, and gave the victory to our friends; for immediately after the last savage was covered with blood, and the Indian with whom he had been contending, lay dead at his feet.

"Whoop!" shouted Peter, panting for breath, as he grasped the musket by the barrel, and seized the hand of Peleg. "Tom-head, you done it, didn't you? I'll—I'll—I am?" he added, as Peleg pointed to the gap in the canoe); and with the butt of the musket, he severed the ligature which secured the canoe to the shore.

"I swow to gosh! I guess we're all right now, Mister Peter!" replied Peleg, as soon as he got his voice; and the astonishment of the females, at the surprising high speak in a rational manner, was not exceeded even by what seemed to them the miraculous manner of their deliverance.

Then followed the hurried explanations, congratulations, and almost frantic exclamations of the delighted females, when they came to hear and understand and realize the whole truth; but we may not linger over them, but must resume Peleg While he became a hero, not only in his own eyes, but in those of his friends; and Bracy, in his peculiar and half-idiotic manner, was wrung hard for the third time, said:

"Hey, younker, you're one of 'em, you is, by——! I said it afore, I says it now, and I'll say it again; and I'll stick to it, and somewhat, any different, I'll make 'em take it back or fight."

As Peter considered it highly ingredient, if not absolutely necessary, to make a retreat at least a short distance from the scene of the late conflict, and as the canoe was already in the water, and advised the different parties to hurry into them, saying that they had no time to lose, and that he would come back for whatever might be left behind.

When the first wild excitement of sudden deliverance had somewhat subsided, the women gave their whole attention to Mr. Stanforth, who gradually recovered from his swoon, from the joyful news of the wonderful rescue of himself and friends, which he hardly sounded about the head, though not mortally, and from the pain of his arm, which had been shattered by a musket ball; and as the canoe, with the savages, they pushed off from the island in search of Mabel and Eden, the mother and sister scarcely being able to realize that they were not dreaming, and would soon again be in the loved son and brother, whom they had already mourned as dead, to say nothing of another scarcely less dear to them.

In about fifteen minutes from leaving the island, they had reached the mouth of the creek, and then came in sight of the barge, which was still near the very spot where Peter had left it, who at once began waving it, gave a loud hail.

"Ay, ay, younker, I'm coming, and I've stole three canoes—so keep a bearing!" Then, with one to the excited party with him, he added: "Lay low, boys, keep shady, don't speak, and we'll have fun."

In two or three minutes more the canoes were along side of the barge, when Edna and Mabel, both looking over the gunwale, exclaimed together:

"Brother!" "Where's Eden?"

"My dear sis!" said the voice of Eden's mother, no longer able to keep silent.

"Dear brother!" cried Carrie.

"Great God!" exclaimed Eden, almost overpowered with joy; "is it possible! can I believe my senses! My dear mother and sister! aunt! uncle! Peleg!—all! all!—oh! what miracle is this!"

It seemed like a miracle indeed, that all should again be brought together alive in this wonderful manner; and no one here tongue can do justice to the scene of wild rapture which followed Peter's announcement, and then sprang the sun-rain, and leave the rest to the imagination of those who have experienced the joys of a similar meeting.

Reader, our tale is told, and we have but a few words to add. It was one interlude to give a brief episode of the war of 1812, rather than a history of the war itself, and our purpose is now accomplished—but whether to your satisfaction or not, is for you, not us, to say. This being the last address which we shall make as a family head with the Indians, we must close our narrative with the brief account that followed. After an hour spent by Eden, Mabel, and their rescued friends, in such expressions of thankfulness and devotion as naturally occur under the circumstances, the sail was once more hoisted, and the boat run up near the island, when Peter went ashore and assisted in getting the remainder of the provisions, and such other articles as he could find, and then began to bury the scalps of his slain enemies for his own particular satisfaction.

"Now then," he said, in his characteristic manner, "I've send you all safe through—kept you as you landed, and helped you to whip the enemies, and hurt—all you'll just put me on the American shore, and then I'll leave you to your own care, as's to gives Gineral Winchester the news o' Proctor and Tecumseh's movements, and where the thieves o' Britishers lagerin to try for to do agin life. Now then, I'll leave them officers' coat, fish, and it's nothing as I'd like to tell the gineral, it air."

Peter had been wounded in the affray, but not seriously, the blood upon him being mostly the result of the wounds of others; and Peleg and he, and so Eden's alluding to his hurts, and expressing the hope that he would soon be able to be released, he only laughed, and called them "mere scratches, six as a baby nought a gin him if he'd only hugged one as could not hold him back from escaping."

The boat was accordingly put about, and run down the river, the wounded men were dressed; and we landed about three hours after sunrise, and where the boat, and those of his friends, who parted from him with tearful eyes.

Eden now made sail for Cleveland; and the breeze being favorable, they reached their final settlement on the following day.

Here Eden and Mabel suffered excruciating pain from his shattered arm, was immediately pronounced by the surgeon to be necessary the final amputation necessary, and at once performed the operation. We may state in brief, that he recovered from the operation, and was soon able again, and before the war was over he fill ill of a brave and gallant officer.

Eden, true to the purpose he had expressed to Peter, when about to leave him, that he would now see his friends in safety, than he joined a party of volunteers, and fought bravely through the war, and was one of the number who subsequently defended Fort Meigs, under General Harrison, against the attack of the British and Indians under Proctor and Tecumseh. At the restoration of peace he returned to the bosom of his family, and married, and he and his Mabel saw many happy years on the lands which he inherited from his father in the State of Connecticut, to which, after both still live, surrounded by their children and grandchildren.

The widowed mother of Eden took up her abode with them after the death, which event came at ages subsequent to the close of the war.

Aunt Esther's descendants eventually married a Kentuckian, and removed to Kentucky, where some of his nativity, where, for anything we know to the contrary, they still reside.

Peleg While did not volunteer to serve his country in the war. He believed that he had no glory enough by his cunning exploit on the island of Lake Erie, and that his "screw to gosh" ever after continued to be a very great consolation, when speaking of the "darned old cowardly, pisin-ous" Britishers, as he had called them. After the war, he went further west, and what became of him we have not learned.

Aunt Esther sold the estate of her husband as soon as she could find a purchaser, and went back to "good old Connecticut," where she found as much altered from what it used to be, that in less than a year after her return she was heard to say to all around her, "that she had better have stayed where she was, and then she could have had a home with Amos, who probably died just to vex her."

Peter Bracy reached Fort Defiance in time to warn General Winchester of the approach of his foes, who accordingly made his preparations to meet them; and Peter, after the close of the war, he went further west, and what became of him we have not learned.

Peter Bracy reached Fort Defiance in time to warn General Winchester of the approach of his foes, who accordingly made his preparations to meet them; and Peter, after the close of the war, he went further west, and what became of him we have not learned.

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

There is nothing which we contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which even shines in the darkest corners of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness of which it is often the subject, there are occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. Such occasions are those in which the rank of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, we meet with here and there pieces of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence and beauty in confusion and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing those disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and placing them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and order. In the contemplation of conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great sources of our most rational and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to bring them out, and show them in a proper light. A natural vein of good sense and of this glorious nature, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO ——

BY ALICE CARY.

Strange fashion! sometimes purse—
I have been thinking now, to-day,
If I perforce must write to you
A letter, what thing would I say?

My aim, in truth, cannot suppose
A line for—would not do, I think,
If I were writing of a flute
To any musician or poet

And of the marching, now or soon,
Of some one of few, or most,
Therefore, I must begin, old friend,
And leave my meaning incomplete.

Well, having written me, what next
My thought? Plain ships hard at case to push,
Whose every memory is a nest
For sermons of forbidden talk—

The beach awash, and the cable track,
The boom come up to overlook the town,
The sloop with body painted red black,
And heavy turban'd red stone—

The distant hill so calm and high,
Cushion'd in snow of summer years,
And standing at the sunset sky
Like one old shepherd at his gate.

The quitty stream, that tried to wear
Its way up many bounds into the sea,
We might not hear it washing there.
The rushes from its pebbly banks!

But if I should a letter send,
Bearing from you'd not learned my,
Would you not say I'm mad, my friend,
The memories we must keep to-day?

FOREST SKETCHES——NO. 13.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY GEN. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

THE PANTHER'S CAVE.

A few miles below Bastrop, the Colorado rolls darkly through a deep cut, or gorge, in the Post Oak Hills. These hills are a mountainous range, over a hundred miles long, commencing at the head-waters of the Yegua Creek, and extending in a N. E. and westerly direction, to the San Antonio River. They are heavily timbered at the base, and most of them well wooded to the summit; abounding in game, and furnishing safe retreats for many kinds of wild beasts. At Bastrop we bought eight horses or more trailers, paying for them in deer and bear skins. The animals that cost us a dollar and a half, each; and they were good ones at that.

The party prepared for travel by land, struck through the timber to the southward of the hills, and finally set up our tent at the head of Peach Creek. Game was plenty, and our powder was burned up with a profusion which must have been particularly gratifying to the old fur traders who dealt at La Grange.

One afternoon Harris and myself determined to start off on a tramp. Garl and Ned had gone down the creek after fish; Bose and Pete were playing at catch-pebble for pennies; and Harris and self had nothing to do but to go out and shoot something. Garl had told us about a bear, that Black-Stone Mount there was a deep cave; and Harris proposed that if we did not find enough else to do we should visit the place. I rather liked the idea, as we took a couple of torches, and having nearly flint-rock for our locks we could have no

For the first time since we had been in that section we wandered about over the hollows without seeing a thing worth shooting; and in view of the probable continuance of this state of affairs Harris proposed that we should haul up the cave. The old trapper had given us pretty clear directions, as we had found out by the time we had reached the ground.

We had travelled nearly a mile, and judged that we were not far from our destination, when we came to a small stream—a mere brook—which we knew must be a tributary of the creek. In times of heavy rains this stream must have been much swollen, for upon either bank were a wide, gently sloping bed of sand. Harris crossed the brook first, and as I was following I heard him utter an exclamation of sudden excitement.

"Here! Here!—Quick!—By the great hoof, Colonel just look here!" he cried, as I hastened over.

When I came to where he stood I found him looking at some tracks in the sand. There was but one animal in those tracks that could make such tracks; and that was the panther! And they were large tracks, too. We examined them, and were very soon convinced that there could be no mistake. It was a panther's trail, and we must find him if possible.

The tracks were fresh—they could not have been made over half an hour; for on the water's edge, where the sand was damp, the water had not yet returned to the spaces. In short, where the water had been proved out it had not yet flowed back. The animal had apparently come down to drink, and then retraced his steps. We found in our pieces—no bush had fallen—and having seen that they were safe, we set forward.

Over the sand the tracks were of course plain enough; but when we reached the wood we had more trouble, yet we managed to keep upon the trail. It was rather slow work for us, as we were obliged often to examine the leaves and grass in order to detect the impress of the heavy foot. A broken twig, a bit of bruised grass, a turned stone, a crushed leaf, or a bent bush, were all we had to govern us. Old Garl might have seen all these "signs" at a glance of the eye; but not so with us. We lacked the keen perception of the trapper.

We had followed the trail somewhere about a half a mile, having been over a ridge at the west, when we came to a belt of wood which had been defended by the washing of many rains from the mountain. Over this the panther's pugs again took ways—going and returning. This sand-bed was some twenty yards wide, and upon the west a pile of large rocks which seemed to have been hurled down from the mountain by some odd convulsion. We passed around this pile, and were soon down in the wood; but we followed the trail not much further.

About a dozen rods beyond the rocks we came to the foot of an abrupt cliff, and at the further extremity, where a clump of bushes grew, we saw what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. We traced the tracks to this place, and upon reaching it we found it to be just what we had suspected—a deep, dark cave.

"He's in there, sure enough," said Harris.

"He must be," I replied.

"And we must have him out," added Harris.

I said that was what we had come for; and then asked him if he felt sure enough of his aim to venture in and fire.

"Yes," he replied. "If I can see him I can kill him."

We had been a long while in following the trail, and the sun was already out of sight below the tops of the hills. The mouth of the cave was in a deep shade, and upon pushing aside the bushes we could see that it was very dark within—too dark to see anything. We gained a position where we could look fairly into the cavern, and beyond the distance of some five or six feet it was utterly dark.

"This is the cave Garl told us of," said Harris; "and we've got our torches on purpose for to go in. What d'ye say?"

Harris was one of those impetuous fellows—fond of excitement—knowing no fear that was not present, and ever ready for any adventure that presented itself. I am not a coward, nor am I overly frightened; but I must say that I did not much like the idea of attacking the panther in such a place. I have he was a monster; and a wounded night's prove fatal to one of us, if not to both. Yet I did not like to back out now; and when Harris proposed fighting the panther I could not object. I wanted to, and had it upon my tongue to propose to say further; but it occurred more courage to deny my friend and did to enter the panther's den.

Our torches were of very fat pitch-wood, and when lighted set out even quicker than Harris entered first, with his torch in the left hand, and rifle in his right. I urged to be quick.

"I only want a shot between his eyes," was the reply, without stopping or turning.

When we got fairly into the cave I found it to be much larger than I had expected. It was all of fifteen feet wide when we were, and as many in height. The light of our flaming torches threw a sharp ripple of shadow over the place, and the cave seeming to be reflected, but all absorbed by the dark, grey walls. Upon either hand we could see that the rock took plainly enough; and as we could overhead; but before us all was dark as Erebus. The light of our torches only appeared to reveal the absolute blackness of the mystic depth.

We took a little further on, and then Harris and I moved a hand-breadth from each other, and had just urged Harris for the fourth time to be careful, when he suddenly stopped and extended his arm a little further. Then he said, in a low tone:

"——and! There he is!" he whispered.

I came quickly up to my companion's side, and in a moment more I saw two balls of glowing fire away in the extremity of the cave. Had there been any room for doubt as to the ownership of those fiery orbs, that doubt would have been satisfactorily removed by the low, deep, thundering growling which issued from between them as we stopped.

"Here—take my torch!" said Harris.

"In heaven's name, aim carefully!" I urged.

"It's a good mark," he responded. "I can't miss it if I should try."

And yet I had not the fullest confidence in his accuracy. I knew he felt perfectly sure, and in that very feeling I feared his mistake might lie. Yet I took his torch, and he cocked his rifle and raised it to his shoulder.

I could now see the animal plainly. I held the torch as near to the ground as I could, and yet see before. He stood with his tail turned half towards us, and his head was brought nearly or quite straight at us. His ears were laid flat; his back humped; his long, white teeth gleaming in the torch-light; and that deep growling was terribly deadly than before.

Harris fired! I heard the report—there was a deafening echo for a single instant—a momentary flash—the fire of rifle and powder—and then the next moment I heard a gathering of feet—a sharp cry—a bound—and the monster was upon me!

He had sprung for Harris; but I was between to hit my legs with his side, and I lost my footing. I could fall! I had no time to act quickly or not, but just as I was in the act of stooping for the torch Harris stumbled, or jumped against me, and I fell. Then I felt the hot breath down upon me of the terrible and put it out! The other one was bounding, but not brightly. I could not see him—it—I dipped—It turned over as I let it go, and the fire went out.

For a few moments I was almost incapable of thought. All this—all from the moment when Harris fired—had occurred in a few seconds. The report—the echo—the rush—the gathering of feet—the wild, blood-like cry—the leap—the fall—the struggle—my second fall—and the going out of the light! I began to realize the danger we quickly than you can read it from the printed page.

The place was dark as night. There was a faint glimmer of light from out the cave, but that only came in. My first impulse upon recovering from the shock of my second fall was to find where Harris was. I started to my knees and listened. I heard a scuffling—a scratching of nails upon the rock—and the deep breathing of my friend. And I heard his rifle! etcetera, too, as if a man who is straining every nerve and muscle. I gazed earnestly in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, but could see nothing. I hoped that I might see the panther's eyes.

"Harris!" I called, in a hushed tone.

"Fire!" he returned, in the tone of one who is suffering.

But I had dropped my rifle! Where was it? Down upon my hands and knees I went, and commenced to search for it. I found it very soon, and then arose and moved nearer to the place where I still heard the breathing of my friend.

"Harris!" I called.

But I received no answer. I could hear his breathing—and an occasional grumbling, as a man does when straining himself over some mighty physical effort. From the panther I could hear that old scratching of the sharp claws upon the rocks, and ever and anon a deep sullenness, something myself would respond to the pull of Harris.

It was a season of intense agony and suspense to me. Was Harris dying, or was he only being kept on a hot hoop a moon. But that was more than impossible—it was almost impossible; for a wounded panther lays not with his enemy. No, the man was not dead, for his laborious breathing was still audible.

Presently I saw the panther's eyes. They were not turned directly towards me, but yet I could see them both.

"Harris," I cried. "I can see his eyes, shall I fire?"

"Yes!" he replied, in a strained, spasmodic tone. "Be sure of the right eye, if you can. If you hit his skull the ball may glance and kill me—Let her drive!"

I hesitated but a moment. There was a risk; but the alternative was life or death. The eyes were still turned towards me. I raised my rifle, but I could not see the barrel. Here was trouble. How could I aim. Those two fiery orbs I could not come out alive!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMIES AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.—For the gratification of our numerous readers who desire information concerning these institutions, we wrote to the Hon. Jeremiah Black, Secretary of State, and to the Hon. J. C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, for a full statement of the requirements and conditions for appointment to cadetships at the former, and the conditions imposed upon them. The information we have received from the Secretary of State, we will give here by letter our readers.

Extract from a letter from the Secretary of War, Postal.

1. The law authorizes the appointment of one Cadet from each Congressional District, from each Territory and from the District of Columbia, and requires that each shall be a natural resident of the district or Territory from which he is appointed. In addition to these, the law authorizes the appointment of ten Cadets at large; that is, without reference to residence. Appointments are made annually, and vacancies occur twenty-one years of age, at the time of entrance into the Military Academy. They must be unmarried, of good moral character, and free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which may render them unfit for military service. They are also to be free from any decree of an insolvent or fraudulent character. They must be able to read and write, and to spell correctly in English, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of Arithmetic; and the fifth rule, Reduction, Proportion, and the extraction of the square root of Algebra; and the first four rules of Plane Geometry, and Plane Trigonometry, and Descriptive Geometry, and Descriptive Geometry, and Descriptive Ge